M A R T Y

Final Screenplay

by

Paddy Chayefsky

MARTY

CHARACTERS

MARTY.....A mild mannered, short, stout, balding man of 34. His charm lies in an almost indestructible good humor.

CLARA SNYDER.....A plain, gaunt, awkward girl, insecure, and nervous, with a sensitive nature and a sadness of face, about 29.

MRS. PILLETTI.....Marty's mother, a dark, round, effusive little Italian woman.

CATHERINE.....Marty's aunt - spare, gaunt, with a face carved out of granite, a history of pain and mirthless hard work engrained on her features.

THOMAS.....Marty's cousin - a slim, dark, scowling young man in his middle twenties.

VIRGINIA.....Thomas' wife - about the same age as Thomas, with a temper to match.

MRS. SNYDER.....Clara's mother - a sweet, amiable woman in her sixties.

MR. SNYDER.....Clara's father - a tall spare, angular sensitive-looking man in his late sixties.

MILLIE.....Clara's sister - in her early thirties, a rather handsome, easy-going, big-boned woman.

ANDY.....Millie's husband - about the same age as Millie, also easy-going, amiable.

DR. HERBERT KEEGAN.....Andy's friend - a few years younger than Andy and Millie, has a touch of the slick feller about him.

PATSY GAZZARA.....Marty's boss, a butcher - a grizzled, swarthy man of 50.

ANGIE.....Marty's friend - a little wasp of a man, about 35.

RALPH.....Marty's friend - known as "The Well Dressed Man", always wears a suit and tie.

CHARACTERS (CONT'D)

LEO.....Marty's friend - a young 22.

JOE.....Marty's friend - nicknamed "The Critic", a connoisseur on girlie magazines.

GEORGE.....One of the young men around the neighborhood bar, a friend to Marty and the others.

BITS

MRS. FUSARI.....Elderly Italian woman - customer in Patsy's butcher shop.

MRS. CANDUSO.....A young Italian mother - customer in butcher shop.

MRS. RICHARDO.....A pretty, young mother, early 30's.

THE DRUGGIST......"Doc" - owns neighborhood drugstore.

FIRST IRISH WOMAN.....Elderly - customer in neighborhood bar.

SECOND IRISH WOMAN.....Middle-aged - customer in neighborhood bar.

LOUISE KELLY.....A nurse - attractive but surly, a friend of Leo's.

MABEL.....A nurse.

ELAINE.....A nurse.

THE BARTENDER....."Lou" - owns neighborhood bar.

PROPRIETOR.....Owner of Grand Concourse Luncheonette

RICHIE.....A friend of Angie's.

RICHIE'S WIFE.....

WOMAN IN CHURCH.....A friend of Mrs. Pilletti's - stern, bad-tempered.

STAGS.....Habitues of Waverly Ballroom.

SHORT GIRL AND FRIENDS (2).....Waverly Ballroom.

PRETTY YOUNG GIRL.....Waverly Ballroom - a friend of Dr. Keegan's.

MRS. RICHARDO'S SON.....About eight - sniveling, scrawny.

DAVE GREENGLASS AND ORCHESTRA

ATMOSPHERE PEOPLE

M A R T Y

FADE IN:

1 EXT. - ESTABLISHING SHOT - 187TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

187th Street is just east of Webster Avenue in the North Bronx. This is a predominantly Italian community, and 187th Street is a commercial avenue of the neighborhood. The entire street is flanked by rows of stores -- fruit and vegetable, pizzarias, butcher shops, bakeries, cleaners and dyers and bars. It is Saturday morning around 11 o'clock - in short, market day in an Italian community with something of the Old-World flavor still in it --

2 thru 8 SERIES OF INTERCUTS -

of the stores - crowded with WOMEN, dark, effusive, gesticulative, burdened with bulging cloth shopping bags, some of the younger ones wheeling baby carriages; of the MERCHANTS - standing by their improvised street stands, hawking their wares, disputing with their CUSTOMERS, roaring salutations to PASSERSBY -

In the midst of all this, CAMERA FINDS AND ESTABLISHES a typical neighborhood butcher shop and, as the crowd continues to flow past, STARTS TO SLOWLY MOVE IN ON IT, as we --

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

9 INT. BUTCHER SHOP - DAY

It is a modern butcher shop. The only touch of Italy is evident in the various delicatessens hanging on the walls, wreathed with garlands of garlic. There is only one butcher on scene - PATSY, the boss; a grizzled, swarthy man of 50. He is flopping a chunk of beef onto the scale for the benefit of a 40-year-old MATRON. There are three or four other WOMEN on scene in the shop, all talking to one another, and a four-year-old BOY who is lazily chasing a cat. The shop is fairly crowded and noisy -

CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE the refrigerator room as its big white door opens, and the second butcher - MARTY PILLETTI - comes INTO SHOT, carrying a large leg of lamb. Marty is a mild-mannered, short, stout, balding man of 34. His charm lies in an almost indestructible good humor. He starts toward a chopping block behind the counter.

10 NEAR COUNTER CLOSER ANGLE MARTY AND MRS. FUSARI

MRS. FUSARI, one of the elderly Italian women in the shop, is standing in front of the counter watching Marty. He flops the leg of lamb onto the chopping block, reaches up for the cleaver hanging with the other utensils over the block and makes quick incisive cuts into the leg of lamb. He sets the cleaver aside, picks up the saw to finish the cuts.

MRS. FUSARI
(after a moment)
Your kid brother got married last Sunday, eh, Marty?

MARTY
(absorbed in his work)
That's right, Missus Fusari. It was a very nice affair.

MRS. FUSARI
That's the big tall one, the fellow with the moustache.

MARTY
(sawing away)
No, that's my other brother, Freddie. My other brother Freddie, he's been married four years already. He lives down on Webb Avenue. The one who got married Sunday, that was my little brother, Nickie.

MRS. FUSARI
I thought he was a big tall fat fellow. Didn't I meet him here one time? Big tall fat fellow, he tried to sell me life insurance?

Marty sets the five chops on the scale, watches its weight register --

11 ANOTHER ANGLE MARTY AND MRS. FUSARI

MARTY
No, that's my sister Margaret's husband, Frank. My sister Margaret, she's married to the insurance salesman. My sister Rose, she married a contractor. They moved to Detroit last year.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED

MARTY
(continuing)
And my other sister Frances, she got married about two and a half years ago in Saint John's Church on Kingsbridge Avenue. Oh, that was a big affair. Well, Missus Fusari, that'll be three dollars ninety-four cents. How's that with you?

Mrs. Fusari produces an old leather change purse from her pocketbook and painfully extracts three single dollars bills and ninety-four cents to the penny and lays the money piece by piece on the counter. From the rear of the shop a woman's VOICE comes over:

WOMAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Hey, Marty, I'm inna hurry.

CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE the rear of the shop where the owner of the voice, MRS. CANDUSO, a young mother, is standing holding onto a baby carriage.

MARTY
You're next right now, Missus Canduso.

Mrs. Canduso nods. Marty returns his attention to Mrs. Fusari who is regarding him with a baleful stare -

12 MARTY AND MRS. FUSARI

MRS. FUSARI
Well, Marty, when you gonna get married? You should be ashamed. All your brothers and sisters, they all younger than you, and they married, and they got children. I just saw your mother inna fruit shop, and she says to me: "Hey, you know a nice girl for my boy Marty?" Watsa matter with you? That's no way. Watsa matter with you? Now, you get married, you hear me what I say?

MARTY
(amiably)
Missus Fusari, Missus Canduso over there, she's inna big hurry, and...

(CONTINUED)

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12 CONTINUED:

Mrs. Fusari takes her parcel of meat, but apparently she feels she still hasn't quite made her point.

MRS. FUSARI
My son Frank, he was married when he was nineteen years old. Watsa matter with you?

MARTY
That's swell, Missus Fusari.

MRS. FUSARI
You be ashame of yourself.

She takes her package of meat, turns and shuffles toward the door and EXITS. Marty gathers up the money on the counter, turns to the cash register behind him to ring up the sale. Mrs. Canduso comes IN and sidles up to the counter.

MRS. CANDUSO
Marty, I want a nice big fat pullet, about four pounds. I hear your kid brother got married last sunday.

MARTY
Yeah, it was a very nice affair.

MRS. CANDUSO
Marty, you oughtta be ashamed. All your kid brothers and sisters married and have children. When you gonna get married?

13 CLOSE SHOT MARTY

as he sends a glance of weary exasperation up to the ceiling. With a gesture of mild irritation he pushes the plunger of the cash register. It makes a sharp PING, and we -

DISSOLVE TO:

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13A
thru Omitted
22

X9 TV SET ON WALL OF BAR

Mel Allen, smoking a white owl cigar and recapping the ball game which has just finished. Also shot of Yankee Stadium emptying out, droves of people. Ad libs under.

X10 HIGH ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN ON BAR

showing whole crowded bar at end of a baseball game. Some of the fifty-odd people, perhaps ten of them, have already started filing to the door. Lots of noise and debates. All stools and all but two of booths occupied. Smoke very thick.

AD LIBS

Ah, Rizzuto woulda had it with his eyes closed!

The Giants was in this league, they would be twenny games out.

The Giants are gonna wind up inna cellar, that's what the Giants are gonna do!

Hey, Lou, turn onna Dodger game.

X11 CLOSE SHOT OF FRONT DOOR TO BAR

as Marty enters. About ten extras on their way out, two involved in hot dispute. "They shoulda lost both games. You see that bum drop that fly?"...

MARTY

What happened, the games over?

A GUY GOING OUT

The Yankees won both.

MARTY

What score?

Marty moves in a few steps as the other pushes out without answering.

X12 LONG SHOT OF BAR LOOKING TOWARDS FRONT DOOR, WITH THE GUYS IN F.G.

As Marty pushes down the aisle of the bar.

(CONTINUED)

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X12 (CONTINUED)

RALPH
So Leo and me, we're sitting in this bar there, and these two girls come in. So I said to Leo: "Man, here's two if I ever saw two"...

MARTY
(ambling up to Jerome)
Angie come in yet?

Jerome indicates Angie in the booth.

RALPH
So those two girls come over to the bar...sit down right nexta me...

MARTY
(to Angie)
You want a beer, Ang'?

RALPH
...I look over at this one nexta me - not bad, about thirty-five - - Hiya, Marty...

MARTY
Hiya, Ralph...

RALPH
I was just telling these guys about two nurses Leo and me picked up inna bar on Seventy-first Street.

MARTY
Hey, Lou, gimme two bottles-a beer...

RALPH
So, Marty, lemme tell you about these nurses, Marty...

MARTY
(ambling to Joe)
Waddaya read there, Joe?

X13 INSERT MAGAZINE - THEIR P.O.V.

AD LIB VOICE (o.s.)
Hey, Lou, turn the television off!

(CONTINUED)

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X13 (CONTINUED)

JEROME'S VOICE (o.s.)
They shouldn't sell magazines like this -

MARTY'S VOICE (o.s.)
That's the truth.

X14 MARTY, JOE, JERRY, RALPH AT BAR LOOKING AT MAGAZINE

JOE
(observing a new page)
Can you imagine the effect this has on adolescents?

Marty gets bottles of beer from bartender, starts to Angie in booth.

JEROME
(referring to new page of pictures)
Now, that's something, eh?

RALPH
I used to go out with a girl like that.

JOE
You should live so long.

JEROME
(calling to someone at other end of bar)
Hey, Richie, the Yankees took two today!

RICHIE
(bellowing back, with an Italian gesture of triumph)
Hey, man!

RALPH
So Marty...

Marty detaches himself from the bar, crosses to booth where Angie is sitting, sets bottles and glasses down.

AD LIB VOICE
Hey, Lou, turn the set off!

(CONTINUED)

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X14 (CONTINUED)

RALPH
...Leo and me, we gotta date with these two nurses tonight. So we gotta take them some place first. So - I owe you ten bucks already, don't I? I'll get it someplace else -
(turns and goes off)

AD LIB VOICE
Hey, Lou, turn the set off!

Marty pours himself a beer, looks at it for a moment.

MARTY
Boy, that Ralph, he always got girls but no money.

AD LIB line from o.s. A moment later, Mel Allen's voice disappears from the sound track. There is much less noise in the bar now, most of the watchers having drifted out. Marty leans forward to read his page of newspaper.

ANGIE
(without looking up)
So waddaya feel like doing tonight?

MARTY
I don't know, Ang'. Wadda you feel like doing?

(CONTINUED)

X14 (CONTINUED)

ANGIE
Well, we oughtta do something. It's Saturday night. I don't wanna go bowling like last Saturday. How about calling up that big girl we picked up inna movies about a month ago in the RKO Chester?

MARTY
(not very interested)
Which one was that?

ANGIE
That big girl that was sitting in front of us with the skinny friend.

MARTY
Oh, yeah.

ANGIE
We took them home alla way out in Brooklyn. Her name was Mary Feeney. What do you say? You think I oughtta give her a ring? I'll take the skinny one.

MARTY
She probably got a date by now, Angie.

ANGIE
Well, let's call her up. What can we lose?

MARTY
I didn't like her, Angie. I don't feel like calling her up.

ANGIE
Well, what do you feel like doing tonight?

MARTY
I don't know. What do you feel like doing?

CONTINUED

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X14 (CONTINUED: (2))

ANGIE
Well, we're back to that, huh? I say to you: "What do you feel like doing tonight?" And you say to me: "I don't know, what do you feel like doing?" And then we wind up sitting around your house with a couple-a cansa beer, watching Sid Caesar on television. Well, I tell you what I feel like doing. I feel like calling up this Mary Feeney. She likes you.

Marty looks up quickly at this.

MARTY
What makes you say that?

ANGIE
I could see she likes you.

MARTY
Yeah, sure.

ANGIE
(half rising in his seat)
I'll call her up.

MARTY
You call her up for yourself, Angie. I don't feel like calling her up.

Angie sits down again. They both return to their papers for a moment. Then Angie looks up again.

ANGIE
How about going downna Seventy-Second Street, see what we can find. Ralph says you have to beat them off with clubs.

Marty makes a wry face at the suggestion.

ANGIE
(continuing)
Boy, you're getting to be a real drag, you know that?

(CONTINUED)

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X14 (CONTINUED) (3)

MARTY
Angie, I'm thirty-four years old. I been looking for a girl every Saturday night of my life. I'm tired of looking. Everybody's always telling me to get married. Get married. Get married. Don't you think I wanna get married? I wanna get married. They drive me crazy. Now, I don't wanna wreck your Saturday night for you, Angie. You wanna go somewhere, you go ahead. I don't wanna go.

ANGIE
My old lady, every word outta her mouth, when you gonna get married?

MARTY
My mother, boy, she drives me crazy.

Angie leans back in his seat, scowls at the paper napkin container on the booth table. Marty returns to the sports page. For a moment, a silence hangs between them. Then...

ANGIE
So waddaya feel like doing tonight?

MARTY
(without looking up)
I don't know. Wadda you feel like doing?

LOU
Marty, you mother wants you onna phone.

MARTY
(looking up)
My mother?

(CONTINUED)

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X14 CONTINUED

He starts to get up, moves to phone booth.

ANGIE
Hey, Marty, I'm going home myself.

MARTY
(settling into booth)
Come on over about half-past Seven, we'll thinka something.
(into phone)
Hello, Ma...What's the matter? ...Who?

X15 INT. PILLETTI HOME - MOTHER ON PHONE

MRS. PILLETTI
You cousin Thomas and his wife Virginia, they're here and they're waiting to see you... I don't know. They had another fight with your Aunt Catherine again. I don't know...

X16 MARTY IN BOOTH

MARTY
I'm coming right now, Ma. I'll be home in about two minutes. Tell Thomas stick around, I wanna see him about something.

X17 MOTHER ON PHONE

MRS. PILLETTI
Okay, you come on home... Okay...

(CONTINUED)

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X17 (CONTINUED)

She hangs up, braces herself, turns and starts back to Thomas and Virginia in the dining room.

MRS. PILLETTI
He coming home right now, he's inna drugstore.

VIRGINIA
So what happened, Aunt Theresa, about the milk bottle was my mother-in-law, she comes inna kitchen, Aunt Theresa, and she begins poking her head over my shoulder here and poking her head over my shoulder there, so then she begins telling me how I waste money and how I can't cook, and how I'm raising my baby all wrong, so she got me so nervous, I spilled some milk I was making for the baby...

MRS. PILLETTI
Well, Thomas, your mother she's my sister - but I gotta say -

VIRGINIA
So she says: "You're spilling the milk. So she kept talking about these couple-a drops of milk I spilled, so she got me so mad, so I said: "Mama, you wanna see me really spill some milk?" So I took the bottle, and I threw it against the door. I didn't throw it at her. That's just something she made up. She goes around telling everybody I threw the bottle-a milk at her. I didn't throw it anywheres near her. Well, I was sorry right away, you know, but she ran outta the house.

(CONTINUED)

X17 CONTINUED (1)

MRS. PILLETTI
Well, I don't know what you want me to do, Virginia. If you want me, I'll go talk to her tonight.

Thomas and Virginia suddenly frown and look down at their hands as if of one mind.

THOMAS
Well, I'll tell you, Aunt Theresa...

VIRGINIA
Lemme tell it, Tommy.

THOMAS
Okay.

VIRGINIA
(leaning forward to the Mother)
We want you to do a very big favor for us, Aunt Theresa.

MRS. PILLETTI
Sure.

VIRGINIA
Aunt Theresa, you got this big house here. I mean, you got this big house just for you and Marty. And I thought maybe Tommy's mother could come here and live with you and Marty.

MRS. PILLETTI
Well...

VIRGINIA
Because I called up Tommy's brother Joe, and I said, "Joe, she's driving me crazy. Why don't you take her for a couple of years?" And he said, "Oh, no!" I know I sound like a terrible woman.

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X17 CONTINUED (2)

MRS. PILLETTI
No, Virginia, I know how you feel.

VIRGINIA
(practically on the verge of tears)
I just can't stand it any more! Every minute of the day! Do this! Do that! I don't have ten minutes privacy with my husband! We can't even have a fight! We don't have no privacy! Everybody's miserable in our house!

THOMAS
All right, Ginnie, don't get so excited.

MRS. PILLETTI
She's right. She's right. Young husband and wife, they should have their own home. And my sister Catherine, she's my sister, but I gotta admit, she's an old goat. And plenty-a times in my life, I feel like throwing the milk bottle at her myself. And I tell you now, as far as I'm concerned, if Catherine wantsa come live here with me and Marty, it's all right with me.

Virginia promptly bursts into tears.

THOMAS
(not far from tears-himself, lowers his face)
That's very nice-a you, Aunt Theresa.

MRS. PILLETTI
We gotta ask Marty, of course.
(rises, goes into kitchen)
You just sit there - I'm goin' inna kitchen and turn the fire on --

(CONTINUED

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X17 CONTINUED (3)

VIRGINIA
(having mastered her tears)
That's very nice-a you, Aunt Theresa.

THOMAS
(calling to his aunt in the kitchen)
How's Marty been lately, Aunt Theresa?

MRS. PILLETTI'S VOICE (o.s.)
Ho, he's fine. You know a nice girl he can marry?

She comes back INTO the dining room, wiping her hands on a kitchen towel.

THOMAS
Oh, he'll get married, don't worry, Aunt Theresa.

MRS. PILLETTI
(sitting down again)
Well, I don't know. He sits arounna house alla time. You know a place where he can go where he can find a bride?

THOMAS
Well, there's the Stardust Ballroom. That's a kind of a big dance hall. Every Saturday night, it's just loaded with girls. It's a nice place to go. You pay seventy-five cents. It used to be seventy-seven cents. It must be about a buck and a half now. And you go in and you ask some girl to dance. That's how I met Virginia. Nice respectable place to meet girls. You tell Marty, Aunt Theresa, you tell him, "Go to the Stardust Ballroom. It's loaded with tomatoes."

(CONTINUED)

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X17 CONTINUED (4)

MRS. PILLETTI
(committing the line to memory)
The Stardust Ballroom. It's loaded with tomatoes.

THOMAS
Right.

VIRGINIA
This is very nice-a you, Aunt Theresa, what you're doing for us, and don't think we don't appreciate...

There is the sound of a door being UNLATCHED in the kitchen. Mrs. Pilletti promptly rises.

MRS. PILLETTI
He's here.

She hurries into the kitchen.

23 thru 40 OMITTED

41 INT. KITCHEN - MRS. PILLETTI - MARTY

As Marty comes INTO the kitchen from the rear porch.

MARTY
Hello, Ma.

MRS. PILLETTI
(whispers)
Marty, Thomas and Virginia are here. They had another fight with your Aunt Catherine. So they ask me,would it be all right if Catherine come to live with us. So I said, all right, with me, but we have to ask you. Marty, she's a lonely old lady. Nobody wants her. Everybody's throwing her outta their house...

(CONTINUED)

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41 CONTINUED

MARTY
Sure, Ma, it's okay with me.

Mrs. Pilletti reaches up and pats his cheek with genuine affection.

MRS. PILLETTI
You gotta good heart.

She turns and leads the way back into the dining room, Marty following -

42 DINING ROOM THOMAS & VIRGINIA

Thomas has risen; Mrs. Pilletti and Marty come IN.

MRS. PILLETTI
He says okay, it's all right Catherine comes here.

THOMAS
Oh, Marty, thanks a lot. That really takes a load offa my mind.

MARTY
Oh, we got plenny-a room here.

MRS. PILLETTI
Sure! Sure! It's gonna be nice! It's gonna be nice! I'll come over tonight to your house, and I talk with Catherine, and you see, everything is gonna work out all right.

THOMAS
I just wanna thank you people again because the situation was just becoming impossible.

MRS. PILLETTI
Siddown, Thomas, siddown.

She EXITS into the kitchen. Virginia follows her to the kitchen door where the two women ad-lib the following lines over the ensuing scene between Marty and Thomas:
Virginia: "I'm sorry we gotta rush like this..."
Mrs. Pilletti: "That's all right, that's all right..."
Virginia: "On accounta..."
Mrs. Pilletti: "I'm gonna see you tonight..."
Over this, Thomas talks to Marty.

(CONTINUED)

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42 CONTINUED

THOMAS
Marty, I don't know how to tell you how much I appreciate what you and your mother, listen, because the kina thing was happening in our house was Virginia was in the kitchen making some milk for the baby. So my mother comes in...

VIRGINIA
Tommy, I promised the baby-sitter six o'clock.

MARTY
Tommy, before you go, I wonder if you gimme a little advice.

THOMAS
Sure, what?

MARTY
You're the accountant inna family, and I figure you might know about these things. My boss wantsa sell his shop to me.

THOMAS
Oh, yeah.

MARTY
His kids are all married, you know, and he and his wife live alone, and they wanna move out to California where his daughter lives, so he wantsa sell his shop. He wants five thousand dollars down, although I think I can knock him downna four...

VIRGINIA (O.S.)
(from deep in kitchen)
Tommy!

THOMAS
Marty, I gotta run. It sounds like an interesting proposition. I'll see you at mass tomorrow. We'll sit down and we'll discuss the whole thing.

MARTY
All right, I'll see you, Thomas, because he wants an answer by Monday.

CONTINUED

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42. CONTINUED (1)

THOMAS
Sure. Thanks a lot about my mother, Marty.

VIRGINIA (O.S.)
Goodbye, Marty!

MARTY
Goodbye, Virginia! See you soon!

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42 (CONTINUED)

CAMERA MOVES IN ON Marty, his hands folded on the table in front of him, waiting to be served. From the kitchen the VOICES of Mrs. Pilletti, Thomas and Virginia exchanging final protestations and goodbyes come over. After a moment of frowning thought, Marty rises and goes into living room.

X18 INT. LIVING ROOM PILLETTI HOME

Marty closes the doors, sits quickly in the chair by the phone, lifts phone receiver and begins to dial. He waits.

MARTY
(with a vague pretense at good diction)
Hello, is that Mary Feeney?... Could I speak to Miss Mary Feeney?...Just tell her an old friend...
(he waits again. With his free hand he wipes the gathering sweat on his brow)
...Oh, hello there, is this Mary Feeney? Hello there, this is Marty Pilletti. I wonder if you recall me...

(CONTINUED)

X18 CONTINUED

MARTY
(continuing)
Well, I'm kind of a stocky guy. The last time we met was in a movie, the RKO Chester. You was with another girl, and I was with a friend of mine name Angie. This was about a month ago...
(the girl apparently doesn't remember him. A sort of panic begins to seize Marty. His voice rises a little)
The RKO Chester in Westchester Square. You was sitting in front of us, and we was annoying you, and you got mad, and... I'm the fellow who works in a butcher shop... Come on, you know who I am! That's right, we went to Howard Johnson's and we had hamburgers. You hadda milkshake... Yeah, that's right. I'm the stocky one, the heavy-set feller... Well, I'm glad you recall me because I hadda swell time that night, and I was just wondering how everything was with you. How's everything?... That's swell... Yeah, well, I'll tell you why I called... I was figuring on taking in a movie tonight, and I was wondering if you and your friend would care to see a movie tonight with me and my friend...
(his eyes are closed now)
Yeah, tonight. I know it's pretty late to call for a date, but I didn't know myself, till... Yeah, I know, well how about... Yeah, I know, well maybe next Saturday night. You free next Saturday night? Well, how about the Saturday after that?... Yeah, I know... Yeah... Yeah... Oh, I understand, I mean...

CONTINUED

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X18 CONTINUED

Marty hangs up the phone, sits for a moment, then rises opens doors crosses back into living room sits down at dining room table.

DISSOLVE TO:

43 INT. KITCHEN MRS. PILLETTI NIGHT

Mrs. Pilletti is bending over her steaming kettles. She is ladling portions of food from each of the kettles onto the plate she holds in her other hand. The food is steaming, you can just smell the dense air in the kitchen. Having loaded the plate down, she turns and bears it into the dining room.

44 DINING ROOM

Mrs. Pilletti entering with plate of food; Marty seated in his place at the table, having just finished a bowl of soup. Grated cheese, pepper, butter, and other condiments are on the table in front of him. Mrs. Pilletti sets the plate down in front of her son. Without a word, he picks up his fork and spoon and plunges into the mountain of spaghetti. Mrs. Pilletti pads around the corner of the table, takes her seat, folds her hands on the table, and sits watching Marty eat. Then:

MRS. PILLETTI
So what are you gonna do tonight, Marty?

MARTY
I don't know, Ma. I'm all knocked out. I may just hang arounna house.

Mrs. Pilletti nods a couple of times. A moment of silence. Then:

MRS. PILLETTI
Why don't you go to the Stardust Ballroom?

This gives Marty pause. He looks up.

MARTY
What?

MRS. PILLETTI
I say, why don't you go to the Stardust Ballroom? It's loaded with tomatoes.

Marty regards his mother for a moment.

MARTY
It's loaded with what?

MRS. PILLETTI
Tomatoes.

MARTY
Ha! Who told you about the Stardust Ballroom?

MRS. PILLETTI
Thomas. He told me it was a very nice place.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED

MARTY
Oh, Thomas. Ma, it's just a big dance hall, and that's all it is. I been there a hundred times. Loaded with tomatoes. Boy, you're funny, Ma.

MRS. PILLETTI
Marty, I don't want you hang arounna house tonight. I want you to go take a shave and go out and dance.

MARTY
Ma, when are you gonna give up. You gotta bachelor on your hands. I ain't never gonna get married.

MRS. PILLETTI
You gonna get married.

MARTY
Sooner or later, there comes a point in a man's life when he gotta face some facts, and one fact I gotta face is that whatever it is that women like, I ain't got it. I chased enough girls in my life. I went to enough dances. I got hurt enough. I don't wanna get hurt no more. I just called a girl this afternoon, and I got a real brushoff, boy. I figured I was past the point of being hurt, but that hurt. Some stupid woman who I didn't even wanna call up. She gave me the brush.

I don't wanna go to the Stardust Ballroom because all that ever happened to me there was girls made me feel like I was a bug. I got feelings, you know. I had enough pain. No, thank you.

MRS. PILLETTI
Marty...

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED (2)

MARTY
Ma, I'm gonna stay home tonight and watch the Hit Parade.

MRS. PILLETTI
You gonna die without a son.

MARTY
So I'll die without a son.

MRS. PILLETTI
Put on your blue suit...

MARTY
Blue suit, grey suit, I'm still a fat man. A fat ugly man.

MRS. PILLETTI
You not ugly.

MARTY
(his voice rising)
I'm ugly...I'm ugly!... I'M UGLY!

MRS. PILLETTI
Marty...

MARTY
(crying aloud, more in anguish than in anger)
Ma! Leave me alone!

He stands abruptly, his face pained and drawn. He makes half-formed gestures to his mother, but he can't find words at the moment. He turns and marches a few paces away, turns to his mother again.

MARTY
(continuing)
Ma, waddaya want from me?! Waddaya want from me?! I'm miserable enough as it is! Leave me alone! I'll go to the Stardust Ballroom! I'll put onna blue suit and I'll go! And you know what I'm gonna get for my trouble? Heartache! A big night of heartache!

(CONTINUED)

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44 CONTINUED (3)

Sullenly, he marches back to his seat, sits down, picks up his fork, plunges it into the lasagna, and stuffs a mouthful into his mouth, chews vigorously for a moment. It is impossible for him to remain angry long. After a while he is shaking his head and muttering:

MARTY
(continuing)
Loaded with tomatoes...Boy, that's rich.

He plunges his fork in again, starts to eat. Mrs. Pilletti watches Marty anxiously as we

FADE OUT:

44A thru 50 OMITTED

61 INT. BALLROOM

The dance floor is pretty dark, a romantic effect achieved by paper mache over the chandeliers. Around the walls are the stag lines - the MEN and waiting GIRLS. They stand singly or in small uneasy groups. There is a constant flux and movement.

CAMERA DOLLIES slowly past the stag line, moving past faces, each staring out toward the dance floor, watching in his own manner hungry eagerness. Short, fat, tall, thin stags. Some pretend indifference. Some exhibit patent hunger.

CAMERA HOLDS ANGLING TO INCLUDE Marty, Angie near the end of the stag line. They are freshly shaved and groomed.

62 MARTY AND ANGIE

They are leaning against the wall smoking, watching their more fortunate brethren on the floor in the b.g.

ANGIE
Not a bad crowd tonight, you know?

MARTY
There was one nice-looking one there inna black dress and beads, but she's dancing now.

ANGIE
(looking o.s.)
There's a nice-looking little short one for you right now.

MARTY
(following his gaze)
Where?

ANGIE
Down there. That little one there.

63 REVERSE ANGLE

PAST Marty and Angie across the dance floor toward the wall opposite where three GIRLS are standing. Two are leaning against the wall. The third is facing them with her back to the dance floor. This latter is the one Angie has in mind.

64 CLOSER ANGLE - THREE GIRLS

The third is a cute little kid about twenty and she has a bright smile on as if the other two girls are amusing her to death -

65 MARTY AND ANGIE

Staring off toward the three girls across the room.

MARTY
Yeah, she looks all right from here.

ANGIE
Well, waddaya say, you wanna ask them? I'll take the one inna green dress.

MARTY
I think this number is a little fast. Wait a minute.

He tries a few tentative steps in his place, testing for tempo.

MARTY
(continuing)
It's all right, I think. They still there?

The two cavaliers turn their heads and look o.s. in the direction of the three girls. Apparently the girls are still there. Marty and Angie relinquish their lounging positions against the wall and slouch along past the line of stags with determined unconcern. They edge through the flux of people on the non-dancing margin of the dance floor and slowly push their way toward the three girls -

66 THREE GIRLS

Marty and Angie come IN and start to approach the three girls. The girls, aware of the boys' presence, stiffen and their chatter comes to a halt. Angie advances to one of the girls.

ANGIE
Waddaya say, you wanna dance?

The girl looks surprised, as if this were an extraordinary invitation to receive in a dance hall, looks confounded at her two friends, shrugs, detaches herself from the wall, moves to the outer fringe of the pack of dancers, raises her hand languidly to dancing position and awaits Angie

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED

with ineffable boredom. Marty, smiling tentatively, addresses the Short Girl.

MARTY
Excuse me, would you care for this dance?

The Short Girl gives Marty a quick glance of appraisal, then looks quickly at her remaining friend.

SHORT GIRL
(but not un-pleasantly)
I don't feel like dancing just yet.

MARTY
Sure.

He turns and shuffles away in the direction of the stag line -

67 STAG LINE - TRAVEL SHOT - MARTY

CAMERA WITH Marty, as he moves past the line of stags, all of whom are watching him. CAMERA HOLDS as he finds his old niche by the wall, leans there. A moment later he glances guardedly down to where the Short Girl and her friend are -

(CONTINUED)

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51A DOLLY SHOOTING FROM INSIDE ENTRANCE OF BALLROOM THROUGH GLASS DOORS HOLD CLOSEUP CLARA FULL BACK REVEALING ANDY, MILLY AND DR.KEEGAN

They enter f.g. HOLD GROUP

ANDY
We don't have to stay if you don't like it.

MILLIE
Have you decided about tomorrow afternoon?

CLARA
You know I always go to the movies with Papa on Sunday afternoons.

MILLIE
We can promise you a wonderful time.

They walk ahead of Andy and Keegan.

DR. KEEGAN (o.s.)
Listen, I'm going to get some cigarettes.

CLARA (voice over)
But Papa would be too disappointed.

52 thru 53 OMITTED

54 NEAR CIGARETTE MACHINE ANDY AND DR. KEEGAN

Andy and Dr. Keegan are standing near a cigarette machine. Andy inserts a quarter in the machine; the machine rumbles.

(CONTINUED)

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54 CONTINUED

ANDY
(in a low voice)
I told you she wasn't especially attractive, but that she had a good deal of charm, and she's really a real nice girl...

DR. KEEGAN
(extracting cigarettes from the machine)
She's all right, Andy. It's just that I get one Saturday night off every three weeks, and I was expecting something better, that's all.

ANDY
I told you she wasn't attractive...

DR. KEEGAN
You told me that she was a little tall, but that she wasn't bad-looking at all.

ANDY
Millie's been after me to fix her up with a date, so I...

DR. KEEGAN
All right, I'm having a fair time. It's just that I get one Saturday night off in three weeks, and I wanted to wind up with something tonight.

ANDY
I'm sorry.

Andy shrugs and makes a wry face, indicating that he doesn't think Dr. Keegan will make out at all later. They turn and join the two girls waiting for them. They all start up the broad stairway to the second floor. CAMERA PANS WITH THEM as they ascend the steps --

55 STAIRWAY

As Millie, Clara, Andy and Dr. Keegan ascend. They are about halfway up the stairs when two GIRLS come IN at the top of the stairs and start down. Dr. Keegan, who is holding Clara's arm, looks up -

56. TWO GIRLS - (KEEGAN'S POV)

HOLDING TOWARD the girls' stockinged legs and swirling skirts -

57 DR. KEEGAN

looking up from under guarded eyebrows, toward the girls' legs -

58 STAIRWAY

Disclosing the two couples, Millie and Andy and Clara and Dr. Keegan going up the stairs and the two girls going past them down the stairs.

Clara and Dr. Keegan, and Millie and Andy reach the top of the stairs and turn right, CAMERA PANNING with them -

59 INT. WAVERLY BALLROOM ANTEROOM

This is a small, carpeted lobby with TICKET TAKER in booth, a cloak room and rest rooms. Painted posters on the walls announce coming events and caution against smoking. Also, there are large blownup photographs of musicians who had played this ballroom at one time and went on to bigger things. There are about six or seven PEOPLE in the lobby, engaged in various indifferent activities - CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE the swinging doors as Clara, Andy, Millie and Dr. Keegan come IN. As they enter, the doors to the ballroom proper are pushed out and a GIRL in a black dress quite pretty, comes IN. She starts across the anteroom toward the cloak room when Dr. Keegan calls out suddenly to her:

DR. KEEGAN
Hey!

The Girl turns. Recognition floods her face.

GIRL
Herbie! Wadda you doing here?!

DR. KEEGAN
I come up to dance, wadda you think? You here with somebody?

GIRL
I'm just here with another girl.

DR. KEEGAN
Where you going now?

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED

GIRL
I'm just gonna get my cigarettes.
I left them in my coat.

DR. KEEGAN
I'll see you around.

GIRL
I'll see you.

She turns and continues on to the cloak room. Dr. Keegan turns to Clara, who has been standing, a little ill-at-ease.

DR. KEEGAN
That's a girl I used to know.

Clara frowns, a little disturbed.

ANDY
You owe me three bucks.

60 INT. BALLROOM LOUNGE

A fairly long room, lined on one side by a bar and on the other by cheap leatherette booths. It is brightly lit and crowded. There is a constant flux and movement in and out of the lounge. At the far end of the lounge, there are two large iron fire doors open to allow the heat to flow out. Dance MUSIC from dance floor, comes over.

Clara, Dr. Keegan, Millie and Andy come INTO the lounge and form a little group in the midst of moving PASSERSBY around them. A kind of strange excitement has begun to enter Dr. Keegan. He stands with the others, but his attention is all around him openly ogling the passing GIRLS, occasionally looking back to the doors leading to the anteroom.

ANDY
...Boy, it's packed in here...

MILLIE
(to Clara)
Some of these kids are awful young.
Aren't you afraid you'll bump into
one of your students?

CLARA
(nervously looking
at Dr. Keegan)
I wouldn't think so. I teach out
in Brooklyn.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY
You been up here before, Clara?

CLARA
Yes, twice.

MILLIE
Shall we try to get a booth and get something to drink or shall we just go in and start dancing?

ANDY
Hey, Herbie...

Dr. Keegan doesn't seem to hear.

ANDY
(continuing)
Hey, Herbie...

Dr. Keegan turns, a little startled.

DR. KEEGAN
What?

ANDY
You wanna have a drink before we start dancing?

Dr. Keegan stares at Andy, his jaws moving nervously.

DR. KEEGAN
Listen. You people go grab a booth. I'll be back inna minute. I'll be right back.

He turns and moves quickly through the crowded lounge, back to the swinging doors leading into the anteroom, CAMERA WITH Clara, Millie and Andy staring after him.

ANDY
So what do you say, Clara? Wanna see if we can get a booth?

All the spirit seems to have drained out of Clara.

CLARA
(listlessly)
All right.

They turn and move off toward the booths --

68
thru OMITTED
70

71 INT. BALLROOM CLOSE SHOT MARTY NIGHT

He is leaning against the wall, smoking, and watching the dancers swirl past. Dr. Keegan's VOICE comes over:

DR. KEEGAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You here stag or with a girl?

Marty, his attention on the passing couples, doesn't seem to hear. ANGLE WIDENS TO INCLUDE the Doctor standing on Marty's right. Marty, suddenly aware of the Doctor, turns his head.

MARTY
You say something?

DR. KEEGAN
Yeah. I was just asking you if you was here stag or with a girl.

MARTY
I'm stag.

DR. KEEGAN
Well, I'll tell you. I got stuck onna blind date with a dog, and I just met an old girl I used to know, and I was wondering how I'm gonna get ridda the dog. Somebody to take her home, you know what I mean? I be glad to pay you five bucks if you take the dog home for me.

MARTY
(a little confused)
What?

DR. KEEGAN
I'll take you over, and I'll introduce you as an old army buddy of mine, and then I'll cut out. Because I got this chick waiting for me out by the hatcheck, and I'll pay you five bucks.

MARTY
(stares at the young man)
Are you kidding?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED

DR. KEEGAN
No, I'm not kidding.

MARTY
You just can't walk off onna girl like that.

Dr. Keegan grimaces impatiently and moves further down the line of stags. Marty turns to watch him, still a little shocked at the proposition.

72 ANOTHER ANGLE PAST MARTY IN F.G. TOWARD STAGLINE

as the Doctor approaches three STAGS and obviously broaches the same proposition to one of them. This Stag, frowning and pursing his lips, seems more receptive to the idea. Dr. Keegan takes out a wallet and gives the Stag a five dollar bill. The Stag detaches himself from the wall and, a little ill-at-ease, follows the Doctor.

73 MARTY

standing against the wall, watching the Doctor and the Stag as they come IN and move PAST. Marty, concerned and curious stares after them. He moves out of his leaning position, following in their general direction.

74 MARTY MOVING SHOT

As Marty moves through the flux of young Men and Women in the area leading to the dance floor -

75 ALCOVE NEAR ARCHWAY

As Marty reaches the alcove which separates the dance floor proper from the lounge. He pauses in the archway, looks off toward the booths -

76. LOUNGE DR. KEEGAN, CLARA, STAG - (MARTY'S POV)

Clara is seated about halfway down the length of the booths. Dr. Keegan and the Stag stand over her, talking to her. She is looking up at them, her hands nervously gripping a coca cola glass. Dr. Keegan is obviously introducing the Stag to Clara and is going through some cock and bull story about being called away on an emergency. The Stag is presented as her escort-to-be, who will see to it that she gets home safely. Clara apparently is not taken in by all

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED

this, although she is trying hard not to seem affected. She politely rejects the Stag's company and will go home by herself, thanks for asking anyway. Dr. Keegan makes a few mild protestations, and then he and the Stag leave the booth and start back toward the archway -

77 NEAR ARCHWAY MARTY

who has been watching Clara, Dr. Keegan and the Stag. The Doctor and the Stag come INTO SHOT and start past Marty -

DR. KEEGAN
(as he goes)
...In that case, as long as she's going home alone, give me the five bucks back...

STAG
...Look, Mac, you paid me the five bucks. I was willing. It's my five bucks.

They move PAST and OUT, CAMERA WITH Marty who stares after them. He returns his attention toward Clara, o.s.

78 CLARA (MARTY'S POV)

Clara is still sitting as she was, gripping and ungripping the glass of coca cola in front of her. Her eyes are closed. Then, with a little nervous shake of her head she gets out of the booth and stands momentarily at a loss for what next to do. As she glances around, CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE the b.g. where a sign over an exitway announces "FIRE ESCAPE". Clara starts moving toward entrance to fire escape in b.g.

79 MARTY

He is staring o.s. toward Clara. He begins to shuffle slowly down the length of the unconcerned lounge in the general direction of the fire escape.

80 LOUNGE NEAR ENTRANCE TO FIRE ESCAPE

as Clara comes IN, pauses. Background SOUNDS come over steadily -

81 LOUNGE MOVING SHOT MARTY

as he continues to walk the length of the lounge. He frowns suddenly, stops and stares off toward:

82 CLARA - (MARTY'S POV)

as she DISAPPEARS through the exitway onto fire escape outside -

83 CLOSE SHOT MARTY

staring off toward Clara. He moves OUT -

84 LOUNGE NEAR ENTRANCE TO FIRE ESCAPE

As Marty comes IN, pauses on the threshold of the fire escape. CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE the fire escape. It is sizeable, almost a small balcony. It looks out onto the backs of innumerable five-story apartment houses. Clara is standing by the railing, her back toward CAMERA, her head sunk down on her bosom. She is crying. Marty watches her for a moment. Then he moves a step or two forward out onto the fire escape -

85 EXT. BALLROOM FIRE ESCAPE MARTY AND CLARA NIGHT

Clara doesn't turn. Marty is trying to think of something to say.

MARTY
(finally)
Excuse me, Miss, would you care to dance?

Clara slowly turns to Marty, her face streaked with tears, her lips trembling. Then, in one of those peculiar moments of simultaneous impulse, she lurches to Marty with a sob and Marty takes her to him. They stand in an awkward embrace, Marty a little embarrassed, looking back through the fire escape doors to the lounge, wondering if anybody is seeing them. He reaches back with one hand and, with some effort, he contrives to push one of the heavy iron doors shut. He returns his hand around the girl's shoulders. He stands stiffly, allowing her to cry on his chest, as we -

FADE OUT

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FADE IN:

86 INSERT: MRS. PILLETTI RINGING DOORBELL

87 HALLWAY NEAR APARTMENT DOOR 4B MRS. PILLETTI

The apartment door is marked "4B" - Mrs. Pilletti rings the bell. The SOUND comes over and she waits. The door opens and Virginia APPEARS.

VIRGINIA
Hello, Aunt Theresa. Come in.

Mrs. Pilletti enters the apartment.

88 INT. APARTMENT NEAR DOOR

As Mrs. Pilletti comes in and Virginia closes the door. They are standing in a small narrow hallway, brightly lit, which at its far end makes a right turn and enters into the living room in the b.g.

MRS. PILLETTI
(in a low voice as she pulls off her coat)
Is Catherine here?

Virginia helps her off with her coat.

VIRGINIA
(nods, and also in a low voice)
We didn't tell her nothing yet. We thought that we'd leave it to you. We thought you'd put it like how you were lonely, and why don't she come to live with you. Because that way it looks like she's doing you a favor, insteada we're throwing her out, and it won't be so cruel on her. Do you want Tommy and me to stay here with you?

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

MRS. PILLETTI
I think it be a better idea if you and Thomas go out because otherwise she's gonna start a fight with you, and everybody's gonna be yelling.

Thomas APPEARS at the living room end of the foyer, an anxious smile on his face.

THOMAS
Hello, Aunt Theresa.

MRS. PILLETTI
Hello, Thomas.

THOMAS
I just this minute got the baby to sleep.

He comes down to Mrs. Pilletti and Virginia, lowers his voice to a conspiratorial whisper.

THOMAS
(continuing)
Aunt Theresa, we figure the best way to ask her is you say that you're very lonely, see, and wouldn't she come and keep you company, because that way, you see...

MRS. PILLETTI
Don't worry. I'm gonne take care-a the whole thing.

A shrill imperious woman's VOICE comes over from o.s., suddenly breaking into the muttered conference in the hallway.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Who's there?! Who's there?!

Mrs. Pilletti heads up the foyer to the living room,followed by Virginia, holding Mrs. Pilletti's coat, and by Thomas.

MRS. PILLETTI
(calls back)
It's me, Catherine! How you feel?

CATHERINE comes IN at the end of the foyer.

89 GROUP THOMAS, VIRGINIA, CATHERINE, MRS.PILLETTI

Catherine is a gaunt, spare woman with a face carved out of granite, tough, embittered, with a history of pain and mirthless hard work engrained into her features.

CATHERINE
Hey! What are you doing here?

MRS. PILLETTI
I came to see you.

The two sisters quickly embrace and release each other.

CATHERINE
I gotta pain in my left side and my leg throbs like a drum.

MRS. PILLETTI
I been getting a pain in my shoulder.

CATHERINE
I gotta pains in my shoulder too. I have a pain in my hip, and my right arm aches so much I can't sleep. It's a curse to be old. How you feel?

MRS. PILLETTI
I feel fine.

CATHERINE
That's nice.

Now that the standard greetings are over, Aunt Catherine abruptly turns and goes back into the living room. Mrs. Pilletti follows. Virginia and Thomas remain in the hallway.

90 LIVING ROOM

as Catherine and Mrs.Pilletti comes IN. Catherine goes straight to a chair. It is obviously her chair. It is an old heavy oaken chair with thick armrests. The rest of the apartment is furnished in what is known as "modern". A piece from "House Beautiful" here, a piece from "American Home and Garden" there. Aunt Catherine sits erect and forbidding in her chair. Mrs. Pilletti seats herself with a sigh in a neighboring chair. Thomas and Virginia remain o.s. in hallway for a moment to hang up Mrs. Pilletti's coat. The two old sisters sit for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED

MRS. PILLETTI
Well, how's everything with you? I haven't seen you inna long time. Three or four weeks, I think.

Aunt Catherine grimaces to describe how everything is with her.

MRS. PILLETTI
(continuing)
My son Marty's fine. Everybody's fine...

Thomas comes IN from hallway, stands in the back of the room, a little apprehensively.

MRS. PILLETTI
(continuing)
We gotta postcard from my son Nickie and his bride. They're inna big hotel in Florida on their honeymoon. Everything is very nice.

CATHERINE
That's nice. I gotta letter from my husband's cousin in Abruzzi. His mother died.

MRS. PILLETTI
(with accepted sympathy)
Oh.

CATHERINE
Do you remember Emilio DiGiorgio, owned the tavern in Abruzzi?

MRS. PILETTI
I don't think I remember him.

CATHERINE
Well, he died. You know who else died?

MRS. PILLETTI
Who?

CATHERINE
You know the old man upstairs in this house. Old Irishman, always drunk. He got pleurisy. He was inna hospital two weeks. He died yesterday.

(CONTINUED)

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90 CONTINUED (2)

MRS. PILLETTI
Well, I always like to visit you, Catherine, because you always got such cheerful news.

Virginia comes INTO the living room, stands in the back with Thomas.

MRS. PILLETTI
Hey, why don't you go to the movie? Your mother and me we're gonna be baby-sitter.

Thomas looks indecisively at his wife.

VIRGINIA
Listen, let's go downna Kaplan's apartment. They told us to come down.

(CONTINUED)

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90 CONTINUED (3)

MRS. PILLETTI
Sure, sure.

Thomas frowns, ponders a moment.

THOMAS
All right, Ma, we're going downstairs the Kaplans if you want us for anything.

They EXIT. The two old sisters sit rigidly until they hear the sound of the door closing after them. Catherine cocks an eyebrow and promptly launches into statement.

CATHERINE
I wake up this morning, I hear the baby crying. So I wake up. I come in their room. That girl is shaking her hand atta baby. I said "You brute! Don't you strike that baby! That's my son's baby!"

MRS.PILLETTI
It's her baby too, you know.

CATHERINE
That's my son Thomas' baby.

MRS. PILLETTI
Well, it ain't your baby.

CATHERINE
Do I tell you she threw the bottle-a milk at me?

MRS. PILLETTI
You told me.

CATHERINE
She's a witch, that one. I tell you what happen yesterday?

MRS. PILLETTI
What happen?

CATHERINE
She gave me the evil eye.
(she demonstrates this by pulling the lower lid of one eye down and staring grotesquely at the ceiling)

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED (4)

MRS. PILLETTI
(scoffing)
Ufa!

CATHERINE
I keep one eye open when I sleep because she's gonna come in, stab me in my bed.

MRS. PILLETTI
Catherine, I want you come live in my house with Marty and me.

The Aunt turns slowly, genuinely surprised at this request.

CATHERINE
Ah?

MRS. PILLETTI
Your son Thomas and Virginia, they come to my house this afternoon...

CATHERINE
(sharply)
Who?

MRS. PILLETTI
Your son Thomas and his wife, Virginia...

CATHERINE
When was this?

MRS. PILLETTI
This afternoon, about four, five o'clock.

CATHERINE
What they say?

MRS. PILLETTI
You know what they say. They say things are no good in this house. Catherine, your son is married. Leave him in peace. He wantsa be alone with his wife. They don't want no old lady sitting inna balcony.

CONTINUED

90 CONTINUED (5)

MRS. PILLETTI
(continuing)
Now I tell you what I think. I want you come live with me in my house with Marty and me. In my house, you have your own room. You don't have to sleep onna couch inna living room like here. We will cook inna kitchen and talk like when we were girls. You are dear to me, and you are dear to Marty. We are pleased for you to come.

Catherine surveys her sister coldly.

CATHERINE
My son Thomas came to see you this afternoon, and he said to you he wants to cast his mother from his house?

MRS. PILLETTI
Catherine, don't make an opera outta this. The three-a you anna baby live in three skinny rooms. You are an old goat, and she has an Italian temper. She is a good girl, but you drive her crazy. Catherine, you are no fool. You know this is no good, an old woman living with a husband and wife. Two women inna same kitchen, anna house burns down.

Catherine stands abruptly. She is deeply hurt.

CATHERINE
So I am an old garbage bag, put inna street.

MRS. PILLETTI
Oh, Catherine, please! Don't make a tragedy. You come to my house where you know you be happier youself.

(CONTINUED

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90 CONTINUED (6)

CATHERINE
It pains that they should do this!

MRS. PILLETTI
I know it pains.

Catherine turns and shuffles a few steps. The stiff edge of mordant humor that has been her one defense against life has deserted her, and she is just a hurt old lady now.

CATHERINE
(muttering)
These are the worst years, I tell you.

She seats herself on an Eames chair. On her right, a Modern-Age lamp towers slimly. On her left is a Modern-Age end-table with a Modgern-Age ashtray on it. The hardened muscles in her face suddenly slacken.

MRS. PILLETTI
(with deep compassion)
Catherine, you are very dear to me. We have cried many times together. When my husband died, I would have gone insane if it were not for you. I ask you to come to my house because I can make you happy. Please come to my house.

CATHERINE
These are the worst years. I tell you. It's gonna happen to you. I'm afraida look inna mirror. I'm afraid I'm gonna see an old lady with white hair like the old ladies inna park, little bundles inna black shawl, waiting for the coffin. I'm fifty-six years old. What am I to do with myself? I have strength in my hands. I wanna cook. I wanna clean. I wanna make dinner for my children. Am I an old dog to lie in fronta the fire till my eyes close? These are the terrible years, Theresa! Terrible years!

(CONTINUED)

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90 CONTINUED (7)

MRS. PILLETTI
Catherine....

Catherine stares distraught at Mrs. Pilletti.

CATHERINE
It's gonna happen to you!
It's gonna happen to you!
What will you do if Marty
gets married?! What will
you cook? What happen to
alla children playing in alla
rooms?! Where is the noise?!
It is a curse to be a widow!
A curse! What will you do
if Marty gets married?! What
will you do?!

She stares at Mrs. Pilletti, her deep, gaunt eyes haggard and pained. Mrs. Pilletti stares back for a moment, then her own eyes close. Catherine has hit home. Catherine sinks back onto her chair, sitting stiffly, her arms on the thick armrests. Mrs. Pilletti sits hunched a little forward, her hands folded nervously in her lap.

CATHERINE
(continuing;
quietly)
I will put my clothes inna
bag, and I will come to you
tomorrow.

The two sisters, somber and silent, continue to just stare at one another -

91 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY NEAR DOOR TO APARTMENT 4E

Where Virginia and Thomas have paused in the hallway outside the door to their apartment. Thomas is deeply troubled, stirred by profound feelings of guilt. Virginia looks quickly, anxiously at him, then looks back to the dirty tile landing at her feet -

DISSOLVE TO:

92 OMITTED
94 OMITTED

95 STAIRWAY CLOSER ANGLE (MOVING SHOT) MARTY AND CLARA

Clara has on a light summer coat. Marty is about two steps ahead of her and has to keep turning his head to talk to her. He is in an elevated mood,. as if he were a little intoxicated - a talking jag.

MARTY
...you teach chemistry? That's funny. Where? What school?...

CLARA
Benjamin Franklin High School.

MARTY
Benjamin Franklin, where's that, Brooklyn? I went to Theodore Roosevelt right up here on Fordham Road. It's right arounna corner from my house. I have a cousin who's a teacher. He teaches Latin. He lives in Chicago. He was studying to be a Jesuit, but he gave it up after his first vows.

He has reached the street landing and waits for Clara to catch up with him. They stand a moment in front of the glass doors leading to the street -

96 BALLROOM LOBBY NEAR GLASS DOORS MARTY AND CLARA

Marty prattles on:

MARTY
(continuing)
I was pretty good in high school. I sound like a jerk now,but I was pretty good. I graduated with an eighty-two average. That ain't bad. I was accepted at City College. I filled out the application and everything, but my old man died, so I hadda go to work. My best class was German. That was my first language. Der, die, das - des, der, des. There you are, I still remember...

He pushes the glass door open -

97 EXT. WAVERLY BALLROOM NIGHT

As Marty and Clara emerge onto the sidewalk of Jerome Avenue, where they pause again.

It is around nine o'clock and the busy street is brightly lit with store lights and hurrying PASSERSBY. The elevated subway RUMBLES overhead intermittently.

MARTY
(continuing; chattering on)
You know what I was good at in high school? I was good in Math. You know how long ago I graduated high school? June 1937. Holy cow! June 1937! What is that - fifteen, seventeen years ago! Holy cow! Seventeen years ago! Is that right? Seventeen, that's right. Where did it all go? I'm getting old. I'm gonna be thirty-five November eighth. Thirty-five. Wow. Time goes on, boy.

He takes her arm and they start walking -

MARTY
(continuing; as they go)
Nineteen thirty seven...that's right. My old man died December, 1937...

98 EXT. SIDEWALK MOVING SHOT MARTY AND CLARA

as they stroll toward the corner of Jerome and Burnside Avenues.

MARTY
(continuing)
Two o'clock in the morning he died. The doorbell rings, and I knew something was wrong right away. Because my roon is onna ground floor inna front, you see, and I got outta bed, and I answered the door...

CAMERA HOLDS as Marty, caught in his story, stops and continues intently:

MARTY
(continuing)
There was Mister Stern...

99 MARTY AND CLARA

As Marty continues:

MARTY
(continuing)
He had a house down about a block from us. He moved out though. My old man, he used to play cards with him and some other old guys. He's a Jewish feller. So he said, "Is your mother home?"

100 ANOTHER ANGLE MARTY AND CLARA

MARTY
(continuing)
So I knew right away there was something wrong. I was only eighteen, exactly eighteen years old just the month before. So I said, "Is something wrong, Mister Stern?" I was in my pajamas, you know? So he said, "Marty, your father died." My father died right inna middle of playing cards, right at the table. He had a heart attack. He had low blood pressure, my old man. He used to faint a lot.

He suddenly looks at Clara, rather startled.

MARTY
(continuing)
Boy, am I talking, I never talked so much in my life. Usually, everybody comes to me and tells me all their troubles. Well, I'm gonna shut up now, and I'm gonna let you get a word in...

He takes her arm again and they continue strolling toward the corner intersection -

101 MOVING SHOT MARTY AND CLARA

They march along silently for a few steps.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED

MARTY
(continuing; suddenly)
Seventeen years ago. What I been doing with myself all that time?... Well, I'm talking again. I must be driving you crazy. Mosta the time I'm with a girl, I can't find a word to say. Well, I'm gonna shut up now. Because I'm not like this usually. Usually, I... well, here I go again.

They have reached the corner intersection; CAMERA HOLDS as Marty pauses again. He stares at Clara, confused at his strange volubility.

MARTY
(continuing)
I can't shut my mouth...I'm on a jag, for Pete's sake. You'd think I was loaded...

102 TWO SHOT MARTY AND CLARA

Marty is staring at Clara, absolutely aghast at his inability to stop talking.

MARTY
(continuing)
I can't stop talking!... Isn't this stupid?!

He stands there in the middle of the sidewalk, PEOPLE moving PAST, back and forth. Marty continues to stare at Clara, his broad face widened by a foolish, confused smile. Clara regards Marty with an affectionate expression.

MARTY
(continuing; with sudden sincerity)
You gotta real nice face, you know? It's really a nice face.

CLARA
Thank you.

They turn and stroll up Burnside Avenue away from CAMERA toward the Grand concourse in far b.g. CAMERA HOLDS on the awkward couple; PASSERSBY flow along,up and down the sidewalk. As Marty and Clara DISAPPEAR in the crowd, we -

DISSOLVE TO:

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106 NEAR ARCHWAY (LOUNGE IN B.G.)

Angie comes IN, pauses in the archway, throws one more glance over his shoulder toward the dance floor then turns and enters the lounge -

107 LOUNGE

Angie walks down the length of the lounge, looking into the booths and simultaneously at the PEOPLE moving back and forth in the lounge. At the far end of the lounge, he turns and comes back toward CAMERA along the bar side, checking each face at the bar. CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE the swinging doors leading into the anteroom. Angie EXITS into the anteroom -

108 ANTEROOM

As Angie comes IN. There are three young BUCKOES laying out their money for admission. One of them calls to Angie:

FIRST BUCKO
Anything good in there, Mac?

ANGIE
(muttering)
A buncha dogs.

CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE a doorway marked MEN'S ROOM. Angie crosses to the Men's Room and EXITS into it.

109 MEN'S ROOM

As Angie comes IN. The room is momentarily empty. Angie shuffles along the length of the white tiled room, PAST the wash bowls, the long mirrow. He stops in the middle of the room scowls and suddenly calls out:

ANGIE
Hey, Marty! Hey, Marty, you in here?!

He stands scowling, waiting for an answer -

DIRECT CUT TO:

103 INT. GRAND CONCOURSE LUNCHEONETTE NIGHT

A former candy store, a soda fountain and booths have been installed in the rear. One wall of the luncheonette in front is covered with magazines from floor to ceiling. It is a nice clean joint, brightly lit. Several CUSTOMERS are on scene occupying three of the four booths -

104 BOOTH MARTY AND CLARA

They are sitting opposite from one another in the booth. They have a cup of coffee in front of each of them. Marty is still talking, but now he is apparently telling a story so funny that he can hardly get the words out. The hilarity has communicated itself to Clara. Her eyes are burning with suppressed laughter. Every now and then she has to gasp to control the bubbling giggling inside of her.

MARTY
...so I'm inna kneeling position and if you ever try shooting a BAR inna kneeling position, you know what I mean. I can't holda steady position. I'm wavering back and forth...
(he has to interrupt the narrative to control a seizure of giggles. Clara wipes her eyes and tries to catch her breath)
...so the guy next to me, he's shooting from the prone position, and he's cross-eyed like I told you...
(he can't go on. He has to stop and cover his face with one hand)
So just then...
(has to stop to control himself again)
...so just then I hear five shots go off from the guy next to me...
(it's too much for him. He lets out a sudden guffaw and instantly smothers it under shaking shoulders. Clara hides her face in her hands and giggles desperately)

CONTINUED

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104. CONTINUED

MARTY
(continuing; Some of the people in the other booths turn to look at them)
...so my target goes down, and a minute later, the flag comes up. I got five bulls-eyes. This cross-eyed guy next to me, he shot five bulls-eyes into my target...
(he stares at the girl, weak and spent with laughter)
...so I said to my sergeant who was checking my score, "Pretty good, eh, Sarge? Five bulls-eyes?...
(he is beginning to giggle again)
...so this sergeant - he don't know what happened - he says, "Say, that's all right, Pilletti"...
(he closes his eyes, shakes his head)
...Oh, man. So that's what happened. That's how I got the reputation-a being the best shot inna whole battalion ...oh, man...

For a moment they seem to have controlled their laughter. They sit, each shaking their head, studying their fingers on the table in front of them. Then, slowly, Marty begins to giggle again. It communicates itself to Clara. She begins to giggle. In a moment they are each hiding their faces in their hands, their shoulders shivering with tremors of laughter.

DISSOLVE TO:

105 OMITTED

110 INT. GRAND CONCOURSE LUNCHEONETTE NIGHT

CLOSE ON Marty and Clara still in the same booth but two more cups of coffee have been set down in front of each of them. There are also two pie-plates; Clara has left half of her pie. Also an empty pack of cigarettes, and another

CONTINUED

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110 CONTINUED

pack half-gone. They are both smoking. Marty is still talking, but the mood is no longer hilarious. A pensive, speculative hush has fallen over them. They have been talking for hours, and they have reached the stage where you start tearing designs in the paper napkins.

MARTY
...When I got outta the army, Clara, I was lost. I didn't know what I wanted to do. I was twenny-five years old, what was I gonna do, go back to my old job, forty cents an hour. I thought maybe I got to college under the GI Biller-Rights, you know? And my brother Freddie wanted to get married, and I had three un-married sisters - in an Italian home, that's a terrible thing. So I just went to pieces. I used to walk inna streets till three, four o'clock inna mornings. My mother used to be so worried about me. And God forgive me for what I'm gonna say now, but I used to thinka doing away with myself.

CLARA
(deeply sympathetic)
Yes, I know.

MARTY
I'm a Catholic, you know, and even to think about suicide is a terrible sin.

(CONTINUED)

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110 CONTINUED (2)

CLARA
Yes, I know.

MARTY
So then Mister Gazzara, he was a frienda my father's, he offered me this job in his butcher shop, and everybody pleaded with me to take it. So that's what happened. I didn't wanna be a butcher.

CLARA
There's nothing wrong with being a butcher.

MARTY
Well, I wouldn't call it an elegant profession. It's in a lower social scale. People look down on butchers.

CLARA
I don't.

Marty looks quickly up at her, then down again.

MARTY
Well, the point is Mister Oteri wantsa sell his shop, well it's a nice little shop. I handle his books for him, so I know he has a thirty-five percent markup which is not unreasonable, and he takes home net maybe a hundred, hundred and fifty bucks a week. The point is, of course, you gotta worry about the Supermarkets. There's two inna neighborhood now, and there's an A and P coming in, at least that's the rumor.

(CONTINUED)

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110 CONTINUED (3)

MARTY
(continuing)
Of course, mosta his trade is strictly Italian, but the younger Italian girls, they get married, and they don't stick to the old Italian dishes so much. I mean, you gotta take that into account too.

Clara regards him for a moment with deep sincerity.

CLARA
It's my feeling that you really want to buy this shop, Marty.

MARTY
That's true. I do. But I'm gonna have to take outta loan inna bank eight thousand dollars. That's a big note to carry, because I have to give Mister Gazzara a mortgage, and what I have to weigh is: Will it pay off in the end more than I can make onna salary?

Clara looks down at the fingers, her face alive and sensitive. She carefully assembles her words in her mind. Then she looks at the squat butcher across the table from her.

CLARA
Marty, I know you for three hours, but I know you're a good butcher. You're an intelligent, sensitive, decent man. I have a feeling about you like sometimes a kid comes in to see me for one reason or another. And some of these kids, Marty, in my classes, they have so much warmth in them, so much capacity. And that's the feeling I get about you...

Marty shuts his eyes, then quickly bows his head.

CONTINUED

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110 CONTINUED (4)

CLARA
(continuing)
If you were one of my students I would say, "Go ahead and buy the butcher shop. You're a good butcher."

Clara pauses.

MARTY
(not quite trusting the timbre of his voice)
Well, there's a lotta things I could do with this shop. I could organize my own supermarket. Get a buncha neighborhood merchants together. That's what a lotta them are doing.
(he looks up at her now)
Wadda you think?

CLARA
I think anything you want to do you'll do well.

Tears begin to flood his eyes again. He quickly looks down. He licks his lips.

MARTY
(still looking down)
I'm Catholic. Are you Catholic?

Clara looks down at her hands.

CLARA
(also in a low voice)
Yes, I am.

Marty looks up at her.

MARTY
I only got about three bucks on me now, but I just live about eight blocks from here on the other side of Webster Avenue. Why don't we walk back to my house. I'll run in, pick up some dough, and let's step out somewhere.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED: (5)

CLARA
I really should get home...

She twists in her seat and looks toward the back of the luncheonette.

MARTY
It's only a quarter of twelve. The clock's right over there.

CLARA
I really should get home. I told my father...Well, I suppose a little while longer. I wonder if there's any place around here I could put some makeup on.

Marty considers this problem for a moment, then leans out of the booth and calls out:

MARTY
Hey, Mac!

CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE the PROPRIETOR of the luncheonette, who is sitting in one of the booths ahead reading the Sunday Mirror. He looks up toward Marty:

MARTY
(continuing)
You gotta ladies' room around here?

PROPRIETOR
Inna back.

MARTY
(to Clara)
Inna back.

Clara smiles at this innocent gaucherie, then edges out of the booth, taking her purse with her. She starts away toward the back of the store. Marty just sits for a moment, warm in his sense of communication. Then he pushes himself out of the booth, reaches over to the Girl's side of the booth, takes her topcoat, drapes it over his arm, and ambles down to the front of the luncheonette -

111 NEAR CASHIER'S COUNTER - PROPRIETOR AND MARTY

MARTY
(coming IN)
What do I owe you?

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

PROPRIETOR
Wad you have?

MARTY
About six cupsa coffee and two pieces-a pie - one apple pie and one cheese pie -- anna packa cigarettes.

PROPRIETOR
Twenny, forty, sixty, a buck, a buck twenny-five.

Marty, who has brought a few bills out of his pocket, lays one down now on the counter and adds a quarter to it. He turns, yawns, finds himself confronted by the ceiling-to-floor rack of magazines -

112 REVERSE ANGLE - (MOVING SHOT) - PAST MARTY

TOWARD magazine rack. Marty glances at magazines, CAMERA WITH him as he moves slowly along in front of the rack, past Cosmopolitan, House Beautiful, American Home and Garden, Real Magazine, Stag, Argosy... Marty pauses and looks up; CAMERA HOLDS, ANGLING UP TO INCLUDE, from Marty's POV, an upper shelf of the magazine rack holding a series of girlie magazines - Night and Day, Click, It, I, Paris Models, etc.

113 PAN SHOT - MAGAZINES - (MARTY'S POV)

The covers are uniformly the same - an overwhelmingly proportioned young woman in a Bikini.

114 NEAR MAGAZINE RACK - MARTY

He is expressionlessly regarding this run of bursting womanhood. He pulls a pack of cigarettes from his pocket, extracts one, shoves it in his mouth and lights up. He reaches up, takes a magazine down, and stands in front of the rack flipping through the pages effecting the most casual of interest. Marty becomes conscious of the proprietor, o.s. He turns his head; CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE the proprietor standing behind the counter.

MARTY
They oughtn't-a print magazines like this. It's bad for kids.

He turns back, flips another page or so, studies the pictures with determined detachment. His eyes narrow on a particular photograph.

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.5 INSERT - PICTURE - (MARTY'S POV)

A typically posed picture of a typically pretty girl.

116 MARTY

Staring down heavy-lidded and expressionless at the picture. The SOUND of a door OPENING o.s. comes over. Marty turns; CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE the rear of the shop where Clara is standing framed in a doorway.

117 CLARA

She has put on fresh lipstick and powder but there's no denying that she would never be asked to pose for a girlie magazine. She smiles, starts moving in Marty's direction.

118 MARTY - (CLARA APPROACHING IN B.G.)

Marty slowly looks from Clara to the magazine and back. He frowns a little, closes the magazine, reaches up and puts it back into its place in the rack. Clara moves up to him -

DISSOLVE TO:

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119 EXT. ELEVATED SUBWAY - NIGHT

with street NOISES coming over. CAMERA ANGLES DOWN THRU THE INTRICATE UNDERSTRUCTURE OF THE ELEVATED SUBWAY TOWARD WEBSTER AVENUE, PICKING UP Marty and Clara walking along.

120 ANOTHER ANGLE -

MED. LONG SHOT - MARTY AND CLARA strolling along side by side.

DISSOLVE

121 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Where Marty and Clara are walking slowly along one of the side streets in Marty's neighborhood. The streets are almost empty; perhaps an occasional PEDESTRIAN on the other side of the street. The cars are parked bumper-to-bumper in lines along the curb. The five-story apartment buildings are almost dark, an occasional window lit.

122 CLOSER ANGLE (MOVING SHOT - MARTY AND CLARA)

walking along. There is an easy, comfortable warmth between them -

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

CLARA
I think I have about a twenty minute bus ride out at Port-chester. And somebody suggested buying a car, but I'm terrified of cars. I'm always afraid I'll kill somebody...

CAMERA HOLDS, as Marty suddenly stops and bends down. Apparently his shoe lace has become untied. Clara sits back against the fender of the nearest car.

123 NEAR CURBING - MARTY AND CLARA

Marty is tying his shoe lace; Clara watching.

CLARA
(continuing)
It's really a fine opportunity for me. I could never hope to be a department head in the New York City system, especially in the science courses. But I'm not sure I want to be a department head. It's mostly executive and administrative work. On the other hand, of course... well, anyway, I told you about my father, and he depends on me a great deal, and...

MARTY
(concerned with his shoe lace)
Why don't you just move out to Portchester?

CLARA
Well, that's what I was saying. My father is getting old. And we're very close. He's a wonderful man, really...

She pauses as he straightens. He looks at her a moment.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

MARTY
Well, I'll tell you, Clara. I think you're kidding yourself. I used to think about moving out, you know? And that's what I used to say. 'My mother needs me.' But when you really get down to it, that ain't it at all. We're just afraid to go out on our own. That's a big step when you go out on your own. And I think you're kidding yourself about how much your father needs you. Actually, you need your father. You know what I mean?

Clara regards Marty for a moment, a little surprised at the simplicity of the insight.

MARTY
(continuing)
You know what I mean? You're living at home, and you got your father and mother there, and you can go on like that being a little girl all your life. But people like you and me, we got to grow up sometimes.

CLARA
I went away for one term to Ohio State University. I couldn't stand it.

MARTY
Sure. I know. I was in the army, I was miserable.

CLARA
I'm afraid of being lonely.

MARTY
Oh, you won't be so lonely. You'll make friends right away.

CLARA
Actually, I don't make friends easily.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (2)

MARTY
What are you talking about? You're a real likeable person. You'll make friends out there in Portchester one, two, three. You'll have people visiting you alla time. I'll come visit you. I'll borrow my brother Freddie's car, or you can call me up when you feel blue, or I'll call you up. And it's gonna be nice. Don't be so afraid.

For a long moment, Clara regards this sudden source of strength, the stout-broad-faced young man leaning against the car. Then as if with one impulse, they both detach themselves from the car and start walking down the street again; CAMERA PANNING WITH THEM -

124 MOVING SHOT - MARTY AND CLARA

walking down the street. They have only gone a few paces when Marty's shoe lace comes loose again. He snorts, bends down and begins to re-tie it. The VOICE of Ralph, the well-dressed man, established previously, comes over:

RALPH'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, Marty!

Marty and Clara both look off --

125 EXT. STREET - CAR WINDOW - RALPH

He is leaning out of the car window twisting to look back up the street.

RALPH
(yelling)
Hey, Marty!

126 MARTY AND CLARA

Looking around trying to find the source of the voice.

127 CAR WINDOW - RALPH

RALPH
Marty! Over here!

128 MARTY AND CLARA

Looking around trying to find Ralph. Marty spots him; CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE Ralph, leaning out of the window of a '47 Chevvie parked in the b.g.

MARTY
Hello, Ralph.

RALPH
(yelling)
Hey, Marty, come over here a minute.

Marty and Clara start walking toward the Chevvie -

129 INT. CHEVVIE - RALPH AND GROUP

Ralph and MABEL, a young woman in her early thirties, are seated in front. In the rear seat of the car, Leo is sandwiched in between a MISS LOUISE KELLY and a MISS ELAINE RITCHIE.

RALPH
(explaining to girls)
You'll like this guy. This guy's a nice guy.

LEO
Who's this, Marty?

RALPH
Yeah.

LEO
(confirming Ralph's statement)
Oh, this guy's a nice guy.

130 EXT. STREET -- MARTY AND CLARA

As Marty stops, excuses himself to Clara and walks slowly toward the Chevvie which is about five cars down from him, CAMERA PANNING with him -

131 EXT. CAR - FRONT WINDOW - RALPH

Ralph is leaning out of the window again, watching Marty approach.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

MARTY
(as he approaches the car)
Hello, Ralph, what's new?
(looks through the back window, recognizes Leo)
Hiya, Leo.

LEO
Hiya, Marty.

RALPH
(indicating with his head that he wishes to hold a whispered conference with Marty)
Hey, Marty, come here a minute.

Marty leans with his elbow on the open front window of the car, his head bowed, waiting for Ralph to speak his piece. He studiously avoids looking at the girls in the car.

RALPH
(continuing; lowering his voice)
Hey, Marty, we got an odd squirrel here, you interested?

Marty allows his eyes to flicker quickly over the girl in the seat next to Ralph.

MARTY
Waddaya mean, Ralph?

RALPH
(turning his head a little towards the rear of the car and raising his voice)
Hey, Louise, I want you to meet Marty Pilletti. Marty, that's Louise Kelly, inna back seat there.

MARTY
Hiya.

Louise, not the unattractive girl by any means, is a little surly at the moment. She merely nods at the introduction.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED: (2)

LOUISE
What are we going to do, just sit around here all night?

RALPH
(addressing Marty's bowed head in a quick mutter)
Listen, Marty, these three squirrels are nurses. We're all going over Leo's house later because there's nobody there. These are the squirrels I told you about. Money inna bank, man. Wanna get inna car? She's a pretty nice-looking doll.

MARTY
(frowning)
I'm with a girl, Ralph.

RALPH
(muttering)
Get ridda her. This is money inna bank.

MARTY
I can't do that, Ralph, because somebody already brushed her off once tonight.

RALPH
This is a good deal here, Marty.

Marty straightens, looks surreptitiously back to the corner where Clara is standing -

132 ANOTHER ANGLE - PAST MARTY AND RALPH IN F.G.

TOWARD Clara standing alone on the corner. She is an angular, awkward, plain girl. Marty brings his attention back around to Ralph who is leaning out of the car window.

(CONTINUED)

132 CONTINUED:

MARTY
(bending down to Ralph)
I can't do it, Ralph. Thanks anyway.
(looks toward back seat)
Very nice to have met you all.

LOUISE
Come on, let's get outta here.

LEO
Hey, Ralph, we might as well get going.

Ralph bends forward and starts the car, the SOUND coming over.

MARTY
I'll see you, Leo.

LEO
I'll see you, Marty.

Marty takes a step or two back from the car, and Ralph begins the business of wheeling the car from out of its parking place. The car backs and fills once or twice and eventually clears and heads out into the street, CAMERA WITH Marty, who stands looking after the departing car a moment. Then he slowly turns and starts back up the sidewalk. He joins Clara, and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

133 INT. PILLETTI HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Marty and Clara come IN. The house is dark. Nobody is home. Marty and Clara pause a moment, their silhouettes blocking the doorway.

MARTY
Wait a minute. Lemme find the light.

He finds the light. The kitchen is suddenly brightly lit. The two of them stand squinting to adjust to the sudden glare.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

MARTY
(continuing)
I guess my mother ain't home yet. I figure my cousin Thomas and Virginia musta gone to the movies, so they won't get back till one o'clock at least.

Clara has advanced into the kitchen, a little ill-at-ease, and is looking around. Marty closes the porch door.

MARTY
(continuing)
This is the kitchen.

CLARA
Yes, I know.

Marty leads the way into the dining room.

MARTY
Come on inna dining room.

He turns on the light in there as he enters. Clara follows him in -

134 INT. DINING ROOM - MARTY AND CLARA

As they come in.

MARTY
Siddown, take off your coat. You want something to eat? We gotta whole half chicken in the ice box.

CLARA
(perching tentatively on the edge of a chair)
No, thank you. I don't think I should stay very long.

MARTY
Sure. Just take off your coat a minute.

He helps her off with her coat. Stands for a moment behind her, looking down at her. Conscious of his scrutiny, she sits uncomfortably, her breasts rising and falling unevenly. Marty takes her coat into the dark, living room. Clara sits patiently, nervously. Marty comes back, sits down on another chair. Awkward silence.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

MARTY
(continuing)
So I was telling you, my kid brother Nickie got married last Sunday. That was a very nice affair. And they had this statue of some woman, and they had whiskey spouting outta her mouth. I never saw anything so grand in my life.
(the silence falls between them again)
And watta meal. I'm a butcher, so I know a good hunka steak when I see one. That was choice filet, right off the toppa the chuck. A buck eighty a pound. Of course, if you wanna cheaper cut, get rib steak. That gotta lotta waste on it, but it comes to about a buck and a quarter a pound, if it's trimmed. Listen, Clara, make yourself comfortable. You're all tense.

CLARA
Oh, I'm fine.

MARTY
You want me to take you home, I'll take you home.

CLARA
Maybe, that would be a good idea.

She stands. He stands, frowning, a little angry. He turns, sullenly, goes back into the living room for her coat. He comes back and wordlessly begins to help her into the coat. He stands behind her, his hands on her shoulders. He suddenly seizes her, begins kissing her on the neck -

135 CLOSER ANGLE - MARTY AND CLARA

Marty holding Clara; kissing her on the back of the neck. The dialogue drops to quick, hushed whispers -

CLARA
No, Marty, please...

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

MARTY
I like you. I like you. I been telling you all night, I like you...

CLARA
Marty...

MARTY
I just wanna kiss, that's all.

He tries to turn her face to him. She resists.

CLARA
No...

MARTY
Please...

CLARA
No...

MARTY
Please...

CLARA
Marty...

He suddenly releases her, turns away violently.

MARTY
(crying out)
All right! I'll take you home! All right!

He marches a few paces away, deeply disturbed. He turns to her.

MARTY
(continuing)
All I wanted was a lousy kiss! What do you think, I was gonna try something serious with my mother coming home any minute?! What am I, a leper or something?!

He turns and goes off into the living room to hide the flush of hot tears threatening to fill his eyes. Clara stands, herself on the verge of tears.

CLARA
(mutters, more to herself than to him)
I just didn't feel like it, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

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135 CONTINUED: (2)

She moves slowly to the archway leading to the living room, CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE living room; Marty is sitting on the couch, hands in his lap, looking straight ahead. The room is dark except for the overcast of the dining room light slanting in. Clara goes to the couch, perches on the edge beside him. He doesn't look at her -

136 INT. LIVING ROOM - NEAR COUCH - MARTY AND CLARA

Marty sitting on the couch, looking straight ahead, Clara beside him.

MARTY
(finally)
Comes New Year's Eve, every-body starts arranging parties, I'm the guy they gotta dig up a date for. I'm old enough to know better. Let me getta packa cigarettes, and I'll take you home.

He starts to rise but doesn't. He sinks back onto the couch, looking straight ahead. Clara looks at him, her face peculiarly soft and compassionate.

CLARA
I'd like to see you again, very much. The reason I didn't let you kiss me was because I just didn't know how to handle the situation. You're the kindest man I ever met. The reason I tell you this is because I want to see you again very much. I know that when you take me home, I'm going to just lie on my bed and think about you. I want very much to see you again.

Marty stares down at his hands in his lap.

MARTY
(without look-ing at her)
Waddaya doing tomorrow night?

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED:

CLARA
Nothing.

MARTY
I'll call you up tomorrow morning. Maybe, we'll go see a movie.

CLARA
I'd like that very much.

MARTY
The reason I can't be definite about it now is my Aunt Catherine is probably coming over tomorrow, and I may have to help out.

CLARA
I'll wait for your call.

MARTY
We better get started to your house because the busses only run about one an hour now.

CLARA
All right.

She stands.

MARTY
I'll just get a packa cigarettes.

He rises and goes into his bedroom; CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE door to bedroom. Marty opens his bureau drawer and extracts a pack of cigarettes. He comes out again and looks at Clara for the first time. They start to walk to the dining room... In the archway, Marty pauses, turns to her.

MARTY
Waddaya doing New Year's Eve?

CLARA
Nothing.

They quietly slip into each other's arms and kiss. Slowly their faces part, and Marty's head sinks down upon her shoulder.

He is crying, his shoulders shake slightly. The Girl presses her cheek against the back of his head. They stand. The SOUND of the kitchen door OPENING comes over. Marty and

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (2)

Clara start from their embrace. A moment later Mrs. Pilletti's VOICE comes over:

MRS. PILLETTI'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hallo! Hallo! Marty?!

She comes INTO the dining room, stops at the sight of Marty and Clara.

MRS. PILLETTI
(continuing)
Hallo, Marty, when you come home?

MARTY
We just got here about fifteen minutes ago. Ma, I want you to meet Miss Clara Snyder. She's a graduate of New York University. She teaches chemistry in Benjamin Franklin High School.

This seems to impress Mrs. Pilletti.

MRS. PILLETTI
Siddown, siddown. You want some chicken? We got some chicken in the ice box.

CLARA
No, Mrs. Pilletti, we were just going home. Thank you very much anyway.

MRS. PILLETTI
Well, siddown a minute. I just come inna house. I'll take off my coat. Siddown a minute.

Mrs. Pilletti pulls her coat off.

MARTY
How'd you come home, Ma? Thomas give you a ride?

Mrs. Pilletti nods.

MRS. PILLETTI
Oh, it's a sad business.
(turns to Clara)
My sister, Catherine, she don't get along with her daughter-in-law, so she's gonna come live with us.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

MARTY
Oh, she's coming, eh, Ma?

MRS. PILLETTI
Oh, sure.
(to Clara)
Siddown, siddown. Marty, tell her siddown.

MARTY
Might as well siddown a minute, Clara.

Clara smiles and sits. Mrs. Pilletti likewise seats herself, holding her coat in her lap.

MRS. PILLETTI
(to Marty)
Did you offer the young lady some fruit?

MARTY
I offered her, Ma, she don't want nothing.

CLARA
No, thank you, really, Mrs. Pilletti.

MRS. PILLETTI
(with a sigh, to Clara)
It's a very sad business, I tell you. A woman, fifty-six years old, all her life, she had her own home. Now she's just an old lady, sleeping on her daughter-in-law's couch. It's a curse to be a mother, I tell you. Your children grow up and then what is left for you to do. What is a mother's life but her children? It is a very cruel thing when your son has no place for you in his home.

CLARA
Couldn't she find some sort of hobby to fill out her time?

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (4)

MRS. PILLETTI
Hobby! What can she do? She cooks and she cleans. You gotta have a house to clean. You gotta have children to cook for. These are the terrible years for a woman, the terrible years.

CLARA
You mustn't feel too harshly against her daughter-in-law. She also wants to have a house to clean and a family to cook for.

Mrs. Pilletti darts a quick, sharp look at Clara. Then looks back to her hands which are beginning to twist nervously.

MRS. PILLETTI
You don't think my sister Catherine should live in her daughter-in-law's house?

CLARA
Well, I don't know the people of course, but, as a rule, I don't think a mother-in-law should live with a young couple.

MRS. PILLETTI
Where do you think a mother-in-law should go?

CLARA
I don't think a mother should depend so much upon her children for her rewards in life.

MRS. PILLETTI
Well, maybe that's what they teach you in New York University. In real life, it don't work out that way. You wait till you are a mother.

CLARA
It's silly of me to argue about it. I don't know the people involved.

(CONTINUED)

136 CONTINUED: (5)

MARTY
Ma, I'm gonna take her home now. It's getting late, and the busses only run about one an hour.

MRS. PILLETTI
(standing)
Sure.

CLARA
(standing)
It was very nice meeting you, Mrs. Pilletti. I hope I'll see you again.

MRS. PILLETTI
Sure.

Marty and Clara move toward the kitchen.

MARTY
All right, Ma. I'll be back in about an hour, an hour anna half.

MRS. PILLETTI
Sure.

CLARA
Goodnight, Mrs. Pilletti.

MRS. PILLETTI
Goodnight.

Marty and Clara EXIT into the kitchen, CAMERA WITH Mrs. Pilletti, who stands expressionlessly by her chair, staring after them. She remains standing rigidly even after the SOUND of the kitchen door OPENING and CLOSING comes over. Mrs. Pilletti stares straight ahead, fear in her eyes, as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

137 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

HIGH ANGLE SHOT of Angie walking aimlessly down the street on which the neighborhood bar is located. It is around midnight and the street is empty except for Angie and silent except for the CLACKING of his leather heels on the pavement. He comes to the bar, opens the door and DIS-APPEARS within -

138 INT. BAR - NIGHT

With the SOUNDS of Saturday night revelry coming over, the noise coming mostly from the Irish contingent of the neighborhood. They are grouped in large clumps along practically the whole bar. Three or four WOMEN and a number of shirtsleeved MEN, mostly in their late forties, early fifties. We know they are Irish because one of the younger men is chanting an auld country ballad.

CAMERA ANGLES TO DISCLOSE the entrance to the bar in b.g. as Angie comes IN, looking here and there. He starts toward the bar -

139 NEAR BAR - TWO IRISH WOMEN

The two Irish women are middle-aged, both squatting heavily on bar stools over their schooners of beer, gassing away at each other.

FIRST IRISH WOMAN
...so she told me that the doctor told her that if she had any more babies, she would do so at the risk of her life...

Angie shuffles IN, pausing near the bar and standing behind the two Irish women.

SECOND IRISH WOMAN
...She was always a bit thin in the hips...

FIRST IRISH WOMAN
...Well, at the time she told me this, she already had six. Every time I saw the woman, she was either...

ANGIE
Hey, Lou...

FIRST IRISH WOMAN
(continuing)
...going to the hospital or coming from it. She was hatching them out like eggs...

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

SECOND IRISH WOMAN
...And that husband of hers is a skinny bit of a fellow, isn't he? I have been having a few ache of me own lately...

FIRST IRISH WOMAN
Well, I bumped into her on the street, and she was as big as a barrel.

ANGIE
(loudly)
Hey, Lou!

CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE Lou the bartender.

THE BARTENDER
(looking up from opening a batch of beer bottles)
What?

FIRST IRISH WOMAN
...So I said to her, "Mary...

ANGIE
(calling to Bartender)
Marty been in her the last coupla hours or so?

FIRST IRISH WOMAN
..."Mary, for heaven's sakes, didn't you tell me that another one'll kill you?"...

THE BARTENDER
I ain't seen Marty all night...

SECOND IRISH WOMAN
...And her husband is a little bit of a man, isn't he?...

(CONTINUED)

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139 CONTINUED: (2)

ANGIE
(calling to the Bartender, but even more to himself)
Where is everybody? I been walking around, I can't find anybody...

FIRST IRISH WOMAN
Well, last week Tuesday, she gave birth to the baby in Saint Elizabeth's hospital...a big healthy boy of nine pounds...

SECOND IRISH WOMAN
Oh, that's nice. So the doctor was wrong, wasn't he?

FIRST IRISH WOMAN
...Oh, no! She died right in the hospital...

SECOND IRISH WOMAN
Oh, that's a sad story. And her husband is that little fellow, works in Peter Reeves.

FIRST IRISH WOMAN
That's the one.

SECOND IRISH WOMAN
Oh, that's a sad story.

Angie, having nothing better to do at the moment, has actually been giving his attention to the last lines of the story. Now, frowning, he turns and starts out -

DISSOLVE TO:

140 OMITTED

141 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

We PICK UP Angie walking up Fordham Road just about reach- the Grand Concourse --

142 CLOSER ANGLE - (MOVING SHOT) - ANGIE

As he reaches the northeast corner of the intersection and stands on the curb waiting for the light to change. He looks o.s. toward the northwest corner. Something he sees there captures his attention. He calls our suddenly:

ANGIE

Hey!....

143 EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - CROWD - (ANGIE'S POV)

Where in front of Alexander's Department Store there is a bus queue for the downtown Concourse bus. Marty and Clara are part of the queue -

144 CLOSE SHOT - ANGIE

Staring off toward Marty and Clara -

ANGIE
(shouting)
Hey!

He starts out -

145 EXT. STREET - ANGIE

As Angie starts out into the street, even before the lights are in his favor. He impatiently waits until traffic stops for the light and then hurries across the boulevard, CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM.

ANGIE
(as he goes;
shouting)
Hey, Marty! Hey!

146 CLOSE TWO SHOT - MARTY AND CLARA

With Angie's VOICE coming over:

ANGIE'S VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, Marty! Marty!

Marty and Clara turn and stare off.

147 MOVING SHOT - ANGIE

Making his way through the CROWD on the sidewalk toward Marty and Clara.

148 MARTY AND CLARA

As Angie joins them.

ANGIE
Where you been, for Pete sakes?! I been looking all over for you!

MARTY
I looked for you, Angie, before I cut out, but I couldn't find you.

ANGIE
I been looking all over for you!

Angie is absolutely unaware of, or simply refuses to acknowledge the presence of the girl. He has pushed himself in between Marty and Clara, and addresses himself entirely to Marty.

MARTY
What happened, Angie, was that we thought we were just gonna go for a short walk, and then we thought we gonna come right back, but we got to talking. Listen, Angie, I want you to meet Clara...
(he tries to turn the sullen Angie to Clara)
Clara, this is my best friend, Angie. I told you about him.

CLARA
How do you do?

Angie acknowledges the introduction with a surly nod.

ANGIE
(completely ignoring Clara)
Wadda you gonna do now?

MARTY
I'm gonna take Clara home. It's close to one.

(CONTINUED)

148 CONTINUED:

ANGIE
You want me to ride down with you?

MARTY
What for?

ANGIE
It's early.

MARTY
It must be one o'clock.

ANGIE
It's Saturday night! There's still plenty-a action around!

MARTY
Angie, by the time I get Clara home, it's gonna be one, one-thirty. By the time I get home, it's gonna be two o'clock. I gotta get up for ten o'clock mass tomorrow.

Angie stares with thick, sullen jealousy at his best friend. Then suddenly, he turns sharply and starts away from Marty and Clara.

ANGIE
(as he goes)
All right, I'll see you!

MARTY
(calling after him)
Where you going?

Angie, a hunched surly, jealous little man, moves swiftly OUT into the other PASSERSBY on Fordham Road.

MARTY
(continuing; calling more loudly after him)
I'll see you tomorrow after mass!

He stares for a moment after the departing form of his friend, then turns to Clara with a shrug and a smile as if to say, "I don't know what's the matter with him." The long awaited downtown Concourse bus roars INTO the corner, blocking our view of Marty and Clara, as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

149 INT. BUS - NIGHT

Marty and Clara, sitting on the crowded bus as it moves through the night. They are sitting silently, a vague, warm smile on each of their faces -

DISSOLVE TO:

150 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Where Marty and Clara are strolling along the walk toward the front doors of the apartment house -

151 CLOSER ANGLE - (MOVING SHOT) - MARTY AND CLARA

They are still preoccupied with their individual introspection. They reach the front doors of the apartment house. Marty opens the door and they DISAPPEAR within -

152 INT. APARTMENT HOUSE - LOBBY - NIGHT

As Marty and Clara come IN and start across the lobby toward the stairway -

153 MOVING SHOT - MARTY AND CLARA

As they slowly move across the lobby.

MARTY
You got an elevator in this house?

CLARA
We just live one flight up.

MARTY
So I'll call you tomorrow.

CLARA
Okay.

They have reached the stairway.

154 NEAR STAIRWAY - MARTY AND CLARA

Clara leans against the iron bannister.

MARTY
I'll call you about eleven, eleven-thirty, soon as I get outta mass.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED:

CLARA
Better call me about eleven-thirty because I won't be home from mass till about then.

There is a CLANGING WHIRR as the elevator at the other side of the lobby, o.s., reaches the ground floor. Loud but indistinguishable words are coming from it. Marty and Clara look off -

155 ANOTHER ANGLE - PAST MARTY AND CLARA - TOWARD ELEVATOR

As the elevator reaches the ground floor, the door slides open and a middle-aged COUPLE come out. They have obviously been having a heated exchange; but at the sight of Marty and the girl at the stairway, they become suddenly silent. They march across the lobby and OUT to the street in repressed silence. The door CLANGS shut behind them.

Marty and Clara have stood stiffly at this interruption, now they look at each other and smile.

MARTY
Okay, so I'll see you tomorrow night then.

CLARA
Okay.

Marty turns and moves across the lobby toward the street door. Clara turns and starts slowly to climb the stairs. CAMERA BEGINS TO SLOWLY PULL BACK, HOLDING as they each go their separate way. As Marty reaches the door and EXITS toward the street, and Clara slowly DISAPPEARS up the steps, we -

DISSOLVE TO:

156 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Clara moves slowly down the length of the hall and pauses near the door to her apartment -

157 NEAR DOOR - CLARA

As she inserts the key in the lock, opens the door and EXITS into the apartment -

158 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Clara comes INTO the darkened hallway of her apartment and closes the door. A thin spread of light spills out through the open doorway to her parents' bedroom, the only light in the apartment. Clara moves down the hallway across the living room into the small corridor off which the bedroom doors lead -

159 NEAR BEDROOM DOORS - CLARA

As Clara comes IN, pausing near the bedroom door. She looks in; CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE the bedroom disclosing Mr. and Mrs. Snyder awake and in their twin beds. Mr. Snyder is reading by the light of a small bed lamp. Mrs. Snyder is merely lying in bed. The Sunday papers are sprawled by the bed and on the floor by the bed. Mr. Snyder looks up, aware of Clara.

MR. SNYDER
Did you have a nice time?

CLARA
Yes, I did. I had a very nice time. Is Momma asleep?

MRS. SNYDER
No, I'm not sleeping, dear.

Clara moves into the bedroom.

160 BEDROOM - MR. AND MRS. SNYDER - CLARA

Clara's face is expressionless. There is a feeling of detachment about her, as if her mind were on other matters than the room immediately about her. She goes to her father's bed, perches on it, looks absently at her hands folded in her lap.

MR. SNYDER
So you enjoyed yourself?

CLARA
(momentarily fascinated by her hands in her lap)
Yes, I did.
(she looks at her father for a moment, without saying a word)
I'll tell you about it in a minute. I was just trying to figure out just why I enjoyed myself so much.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED:

MR. SNYDER
He seemed like a very nice young boy, that young doctor.

Clara looks a little abstractedly at her father for a moment. Then she begins to laugh quietly but with a sudden slush of release. In a moment, she is crying as well as laughing. She rubs her head and sits a moment, smiling down at her lap.

CLARA
Well, actually, what happened is that the fellow that Andy brought up met a girl he knew at the dance, and he left with her. Well, let me see if I can tell it with some kind of clarity. Millie and Andy and this young doctor and I went to the Stardust Ballroom. And you know, he really didn't want to come on this date in the first place. I can't imagine what Andy told him about me, but I'm sure he was very disappointed.

She looks at her two parents, who are staring at her with solicitude and pain for her naked on their faces. She smiles at them.

CLARA
(continuing)
Don't look so sad. I had a wonderful time this evening. I met a fellow. He's a butcher and we sat in a luncheonette on Grand Concourse I think from nine o'clock until midnight, talking. That's all we did, talk. I was just trying to figure out why I enjoyed myself so much.

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: (2)

CLARA
(continuing)
He's going to call me tomorrow after lunch. Oh, let me tell you something. I've decided to take the job in Portchester. Because it's really a question of maturity, do you know what I mean? I mean, I could go on living here and being a little girl all my life. By the way, the reason I mention the fact he's a butcher is because he's calling me tomorrow around two-thirty right after lunch--right after mass, and he's very self-conscious about the social status of a butcher. He's calling on the phone; he's not coming over here. But when he does, I just wanted to... Well, let's worry about that bridge when...

(she stares at her parents who stare back at her, not following any of this too well)

You don't know what I'm talking about.

(she smiles)

Well, I'll tell you about it tomorrow. You know, when we left the ballroom, he began to talk so much he couldn't stop. It was so funny. He just kept rattling and rattling, and he... I can't stop talking now myself. I...Listen, I'm going to bed, I'll see you tomorrow...

(she stands abruptly and starts for the door, suddenly turns)

Oh, listen, I forgot to tell you. I'm expecting a telephone call around half past two - so I won't be able to go to the movies with you. Well, I'll see you tomorrow...

(CONTINUED)

160 CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. SNYDER
But you had a nice time tonight.

Clara regards her Mother as if this were an extraordinary thing to ask.

CLARA
Yes, Ma. It was very pleasant.

She turns and goes OUT the room.

161 MR. AND MRS. SNYDER

For a moment, after Clara leaves, a silence weighs in the room. Then, finally -

MRS. SNYDER
I didn't understand very much of that, did you?

MR. SNYDER
Well, I guess she met someone that she had a nice time with.

The section of the Sunday papers he had been reading slips from his fingers and slithers onto the floor. He seems unaware of this.

MR. SNYDER
(continuing)
She said, you know, that she's decided to take that job. I'm very glad of that. Oh, I love that girl so much, Alice. But she should learn to stand on her own feet.

Mr. Snyder's eyes are wet and he turns on his side away from his wife and presses his gaunt face into the pillow --

162 CLOSE - MR. SNYDER

As he presses his face into his pillow and murmurs quietly:

MR. SNYDER
(continuing)
Oh, I do hope that boy calls her tomorrow at two-thirty. I really do.

163 EXT. APARTMENT HOUSE - NIGHT

Marty stands a moment in the clear black night air, expressionless, but within him a strange exhilaration is beginning to stir. He shuffles away from the building along the sidewalk, CAMERA PANNING with him. He suddenly begins to strike out with a spirited stride, as if he knew where he was going.

164 CLOSER ANGLE - (MOVING SHOT) - MARTY

He is striding up 176th Street toward the Grand Concourse -

165 GRAND CONCOURSE BLVD.

As Marty reaches the Concourse. He pauses a moment, a little at a loss for what direction to take. Then he remembers that he needs the uptown bus and starts moving across the wide street of the Concourse -

166 OPPOSITE SIDE OF CONCOURSE - MARTY

As Marty reaches the other side of the boulevard. He again seems to lose track of what direction his home is. He begins walking uptown on the Concourse with a strange jerky stride, pausing every few minutes to see whether there's a bus coming, CAMERA PANNING with him -

167 CLOSER ANGLE - (MOVING SHOT) - MARTY

CAMERA WITH him as he suddenly breaks into a dog-trot then equally suddenly drops back into the stiff stride -

168 CONCOURSE - INTERSECTION - NEAR BUS STOP

As Marty comes IN. The corner is deserted. Marty stops, leans against the pole of the bus stop sign; and abruptly starts walking uptown again -

169 thru 173 SERIES OF INTERCUTS

of Marty, as he strides and walks: he suddenly stops short, goes to the curb, and then out a few paces into the street. Traffic which is loose and disjointed, moves by him. He stands in the wide street for a moment, then with a gesture of magnificent expansiveness, he raises his arm and begins calling out:

MARTY
Taxi!...Taxi!...Hey, taxi!....

CLOSE - MARTY

standing in the street, crying out:

MARTY
(continuing)
Taxi!... Taxi!...

FADE OUT.

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174A LONG SHOT - MARTY IN HIS ROOM

He comes out down across dining room, living room, turns. We see him coming up the stairs.

174B BATHROOM

Marty coming in. He starts to wash. His mother passes the door, frowning a little at his singing.

174C INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM

She is fixing her hair and frowning in reaction to her son's singing good humor. Over her shoulder, Marty suddenly appears in the bathroom doorway, his face wet. He is holding a towel.

MARTY
You know, Ma, what I think I'm gonna do?
(she turns and regards him briefly)
I think I'm gonna buy Patsy's shop.

He retires abruptly back into the bathroom. The Mother turns back to fixing her hair. She perches on the edge of her bed, her face set in a mild frown. Suddenly, Marty appears in the bathroom doorway again, brandishing a toothbrush.

MARTY
You hear what I said, Ma? Because here's how I figure. We got thirty-two hundred odd dollars inna bank, so this is gonna strap us. Well, all right, I can't stand still all my life.

MRS. PILLETTI
I don't know, Marty. You gotta do what you wanna do.

MARTY
I'm a good butcher, and I think I'll make out pretty good. I gotta talk to Thomas about this because I don't know nothing about financing. I got certain ideas. Would you like to hear my plans, Ma?

(cont'd)

174C (CONTINUED)

MRS. PILLETTI
Marty, come on because it's nine o'clock.

MARTY
So what I wanna ask you, Ma, is Thomas bringing Aunt Cathering over or what? Because I wanna see him, so is he coming over here or...

MRS. PILLETTI
(suddenly)
I don't know! I think Thomas is gonna bring her! I don't know! Now, go outside, please! I wanna put on my clothes!

MARTY
All right, what are you so grouchy about?

He turns and moves back to the bedroom, closes the door. Mrs. Pilletti rises from her bed, starts for her closet, changes her mind, goes to the bathroom door. She knocks.

MRS. PILLETTI
(still frowning)
Excuse me what I said.

She turns, goes back to her closet

DISSOLVE TO:

175 THRU 184 OMITTED

185 BEDROOM - THOMAS, VIRGINIA AND BABY

A crowded bedroom furnished in white modern. It is cluttered by a baby's bassinet and other baby items. Virginia sits on the edge of the bed, holding the baby, quieting it. She is half-dressed, wearing her pajama top, a half-slip, no stockings; her hair is still uncombed. Thomas is slouched against a chest of drawers, likewise in morning semi-dishabille. His face is heavy. He is obviously sick with guilt. Virginia looks anxiously at her husband and then to the baby in her arms.

VIRGINIA
(heavy whisper)
Don't you think I feel lousy about this too?

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

THOMAS
(scowls)
All right, Ginnie. I don't wanna talk any more about it.
(sits down on a wooden chair, unrolls a fresh pair of socks he has been holding in his hand)
I don't think I got one hour's sleep the whole night.
(raises one leg to put a sock on, pauses with his heel on the edge of his chair)
Last night was the first time in my life I ever heard my mother cry, you know that?

VIRGINIA
Tommy...

THOMAS
(snapping)
I don't wanna talk about it!
(he pulls his sock on angrily; then lets his leg fall back to the floor and just sits, one sock on, one sock still in his hand. He looks up then, his eyes sullenly directed at his wife)
I know what you're gonna say. A man's gotta stop being his mother's baby sooner or later. How many times you gonna say it? She's my mother, you know. I oughtta have some feelings about her, don't you think?

VIRGINIA
Why do you always put me inna position of being the louse?

THOMAS
(in a furious whisper)
Virginia, I don't wanna hear no more about it!

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED (2)

He stands, then becomes aware that he has still another sock to put on. He sits down again and sullenly pulls the second sock on. Virginia has had a hot reply in her mouth, but she forces it back. She rocks the baby a little.

VIRGINIA
Tommy, I love you, and I know you feel lousy right now, but we're never gonna be happy unless we have a chance to work out our own lives. We can't keep talking in whispers like this the resta our lives. We gotta have some privacy. We...

Thomas has risen, a slim, dark, scowling young man, in an undershirt and trousers, holding his shoes in one hand. He starts toward the foyer --

186 FOYER NEAR LIVING ROOM CATHERINE

as Thomas strides down the little foyer off which all the rooms run. He turns and looks into the living room. He stands a moment watching his mother packing strange brown parcels into her bag, starts crossing toward her.

THOMAS
(as he goes; scowling)
Can't you wait five minutes? I'll drive you over inna car. I just gotta put my shirt on, that's all.

CATHERINE
Go to Mass.

THOMAS
I've got plenty of time to go to Mass. I'll go to 11 o'clock Mass. Let me drive you over - will yeh?

CATHERINE
Thomas, leave me alone!

The old lady nods brusquely.

187 LIVING ROOM CATHERINE

Thomas bows his head to hide the hot flush of tears he feels sweeping into his eyes. He stands a moment, then turns and shuffles back in his stockinged feet, still carrying his shoes, into his bedroom --

188 BEDROOM
as Thomas comes IN. Virginia is on scene. She is bent over the basinet now, having just restored the baby to sleep. Thomas cries to her in a furious whisper:

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED:

THOMAS
All right, get dressed because we're gonna drive my mother over. Why couldn't you get along with her?! Why couldn't you make just a little effort?! She's a little hard to get along with! All right! All I asked you was try a little!

He turns from her, sits down on the bed miserably angry with the world, his wife, his mother, himself. The baby begins to cry a little again. Virginia turns wearily to her husband.

VIRGINIA
Tommy...

THOMAS
(roaring out)
I don't wanna hear any more about it, you hear me?

DISSOLVE TO:

189 EXT. FRONT PORCH - MARTY'S HOME - DAY

A small procession consisting of Thomas, carrying his mother's carpet-bag, followed by his mother, carrying small paper-wrapped bundles, followed by Virginia, holding the baby, comes around the front hedge. Thomas leads the parade, thick with sullenness. They turn up the porch to the front door. Virginia remains in the small front yard. She is miserable.

190 INT. DINING ROOM - PILLETTI HOME - DAY

Mrs. Pilletti is dressed in hat and coat and all set to go to Mass. She is bent over the dining room table piling the breakfast dishes and crumbing the table. She looks up as Thomas comes sullenly IN carrying his mother's bag. Aunt Catherine is right behind him. Beyond the porch we can see Virginia holding her baby and walking it around.

THOMAS
Hello, Aunt Theresa.

MRS. PILLETTI
Hello, Thomas, how you feel?

(CONTINUED)

190 CONTINUED:

THOMAS
(setting bag down)
Ah, my mother, she drives me crazy. I hadda beg her to let me drive her over here. The martyr. She always gotta be the big martyr.

CATHERINE
Hey, will you go to Mass, please. This one, he woke up this morning with salt in his nose. Do this! Do that! Will you leave me in peace, ah?

At this moment, a burst of spirited song soars over from upstairs. Mrs. Pilletti, Aunt Catherine, and even Thomas pauses in his sulky pacings to look up in the direction of the voice.

191 HALLWAY - TOWARD STAIRWAY - MARTY

coming down the stairs, whistling. He is carrying his jacket over his arm and is making final adjustments to his tie.

192 DINING ROOM

where Mrs. Pilletti, Aunt Catherine and Thomas are <u>on scene</u> as Marty comes IN.

MARTY
(ebulliently)
Hello, Aunt Catherine! How are you?! Hello, Thomas. You going to Mass with us?

CATHERINE
I was at Mass two hours ago.

MARTY
Well, make yourself at home. The refrigerator is loaded with food. Go upstairs, take any room you want. Thomas, you going to Mass with us?

THOMAS
(nods surlily)
Yeah, yeah, sure.

He abruptly turns and goes out into the living room and out onto the front porch.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED

MRS. PILLETTI
(to Catherine)
You wanna cuppa coffee?

Marty has followed Thomas out into the living room.

MARTY
(as he goes)
Boy, beautiful day, hey, Thomas?

THOMAS
Sure, great if you ain't married.

Thomas goes out the door onto the porch. Marty stands in the open doorway, looking out into the warm sunshine in the front yard.

MARTY
Hi, Virginia. You brought him over, huh? Let me hold him.

He goes out into the yard to Virginia. He is as gay as a bird. He takes the baby from Virginia's arms, holds it high up above him.

MARTY
(to baby)
Hey, Peter boy, you sure getting fat. You're bigger than a leg of lamb--
(beams at the baby)
Hey, Thomas, so I was telling you yesterday you was over my house -- Mister Oteri, my boss, so he wantsa sell his shop, go out to California because his kids are all married, and he...

Thomas, who hasn't been listening to Marty, abruptly crosses to the sulking Virginia.

THOMAS
Wadda <u>you</u> so sore about?

VIRGINIA
Oh shuddup, will you do me a favor?

Marty comes up to them, holding the baby.

MARTY
So Thomas, he does about twelve, thirteen hundred gross - rent's a hundred and two. The problem, of course, is the supermarkets. That's what I wanna ask you. If I get together with a couple-a other merchants, make our own supermarket...

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (2)

Thomas has been trying to listen to Marty, but his thoughts are all with his own problem. He suddenly whirls on Virginia.

THOMAS
What about the time she wanted to make an old-fashioned Italian dinner for my brother, but you wouldn't let her!...

VIRGINIA
(with a good temper of her own)
Wadda you talking about?!!

THOMAS
...Once a month you couldn't let her use the kitchen!....

VIRGINIA
...I told her she could use the kitchen any time she wanted...

THOMAS
...You hadda be the boss inna kitchen alla time!....

VIRGINIA
...She don't wanna use my pots and pans!...

MARTY
So Tommy...

VIRGINIA
...Wadda you want me to do, go out and buy a whole new setta pots and pans?!...

The baby in Marty's arms has started to cry a little.

MARTY
Tommy, gimme a couple-a minutes because I promised Mister Oteri I'd let him know tomorrow. See, what I wanna know, Tom, if a buncha individual retail merchants get together, how does it operate? -- on individual markups -- you know what I mean? -- say I'm the butcher and Aldo Capelli, he's the dairyman and grocer, so suppose I mark up thirty-five percent, but he works on forty, so...

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (3)

THOMAS
Wadda you talking about, do you know what you're talking about?

MARTY
No, I don't know. That's why I'm asking you.

The baby starts to cry again. Thomas turns to his wife. Virginia hurries over and takes the crying baby from Marty's arms, walks around, comforting the child. Thomas turns back to Marty.

THOMAS
Wadda you wanna buy a shop for, will you tell me? You gotta good job, you got no wife, you got no responsibilities. Boy, I wish I was you, boy. Wadda you wanna tie yourself down with a shop? What's he want, five thousand down? You're gonna have to carry a mortgage sixty, seventy bucks a month. A mortgage anna note from the bank. For Pete's sake, you're a single man with no responsibilities. Stay that way. Take my advice.

VIRGINIA
What're you yelling at him for -- he's asking some advice!

MARTY
Well, you see, Thomas, I figure the big problem is the supermarkets. But Patsy's shop, that's a specialized trade. The supermarkets don't carry Italian meat.

THOMAS
Who buys Italian meat any more? You think my wife buys Italian meat?
(sends a baleful look at his wife)
She goes to the A and P, picks up some lamb chops wrapped in cellophane, opens up a canna peas, and that's dinner, boy.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (4)

VIRGINIA
(muttering in b.g.)
Awright - awright - awright.

Marty is a little taken aback by Thomas's frontal assault.

MARTY
Well, I understand the problem about the supermarkets, but I was talking to this girl last night, and she made the point --

Thomas hasn't been paying much attention.

THOMAS
Marty, see that my mother is nice and comfortable, eh?

MARTY
Sure. This girl said...

THOMAS
What girl, what does she know?-- Look Marty, take care of my Mom, will you?
(he whirls on his wife again)

MARTY
Sure...

Marty stands, watching the young couple yakking at each other, the little baby crying away.

193 INT. KITCHEN - MRS. PILLETTI AND CATHERINE

The two old sisters sit at the kitchen table, two untouched cups of coffee in front of each of them. After a moment -

MRS. PILLETTI
Hey, I come home from your house last night, Marty was here with a girl.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED:

CATHERINE
Who?

MRS. PILLETTI
Marty.

CATHERINE
Your son Marty?

MRS. PILLETTI
Well, what Marty you think is gonna be here in this house with a girl?

CATHERINE
Were the lights on?

MRS. PILLETTI
Oh, sure.
(frowns suddenly at her sister)
This girl is a college graduate.

CATHERINE
They're the worst. College girls are one step from the streets. They smoke like men inna saloon. My son Joseph, his wife, you know, she types onna typewriter. One step from the streets, I tell you.

Mrs. Pilletti ponders this philosophy for a moment.

MRS. PILLETTI
That's the first time Marty ever brought a girl to this house. She seems like a nice girl. I think he has a feeling for this girl. You heard him sing. He been singing like that all morning.

Catherine nods bleakly.

CATHERINE
Well, that's all. You will see. Today, tomorrow, inna week, he's gonna say to you: "Hey, Ma, it's no good being a single man. I'm tired-a running around." Then he's gonna say: "Hey, Ma, wadda we need this old house? Why don't we sell this old house, move into a nicer parta town? A nice little apartment."

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. PILLETTI
I don't sell this house, I tell you that. This is my husband's house. I had six children in this house.

CATHERINE
You will see. A couple-a months, you gonna be an old lady, sleeping onna couch in her daughter-in-law's house.

MRS. PILLETTI
Catherine, you are a blanket of gloom. Wherever you are, the rain follows. Someday, you gonna smile, and we gonna declare a holiday.

Marty comes in from the living room, scowling a little after his session with Thomas and Virginia.

MARTY
Hello, Ma, wadda ya say, it's getting a little late.

MRS. PILLETTI
(rising)
Sure.

Marty is now at the sink, getting himself a glass of water. He is examining a piece of plaster that has fallen from the ceiling.

MARTY
Boy, this place is really coming to pieces.
(turning to his mother)
You know, Ma, I think we oughtta sell this place. The whole joint's going to pieces. The plumbing is rusty -- everything. I'm gonna have to replaster the whole ceiling now. You know what we oughtta do? We oughtta get one of those new apartments they're building down on Southern Boulevard. A nicer parta town, you know?...You all set, Ma?

Mrs. Pilletti exchanges a brief frightened glance with her sister.

(CONTINUED)

193 CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. PILLETTI
I'm all set.

She sends another frightened look at her sister and follows Marty out into the living room.

194 EXT. MARTY'S PORCH - DAY

as Marty, his mother, Thomas and Virginia, holding the baby, file down the porch to the street on their way to church. Marty and his mother both wear troubled frowns. The anger has left both Thomas and Virginia, but they are both silent. At the far end of the alleyway as they reach the street, Virginia puts her free arm through her husband's elbow. Thomas looks briefly at her and they exchange a look of commiseration with each other. They all turn and disappear OUT off into the street.

195 EXT. CHURCH - ESTABLISHING SHOT - (STOCK?)

196 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

where the ten o'clock Mass PEOPLE are standing around in fluctuating groups on the steps of the church waiting for the nine o'clock Mass to finish -

197 NEAR CHURCH STEPS - GROUP - MARTY AND MRS. PILLETTI, THOMAS AND VIRGINIA

are waiting with the others. Marty is smiling amiably at the world, nodding once or twice to PASSERSBY. His mother seems a little depressed. Thomas and Virginia soon drift off.

MOTHER
That was a nice girl last night, Marty.
(Marty nods)
She wasn't a very good-looking girl, but she looks like a nice girl.
(she pauses; Marty makes no reply)
I said, she wasn't a very good-looking girl... not very pretty...

MARTY
(still amiable)
I heard you, Ma.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

MOTHER
She looks a little old for you. About thirty-five, forty years old.

MARTY
She's twenny-nine, Ma.

An acquaintance passes with a greeting for Mrs. Pilletti. The mother nods briefly.

MRS. PILLETTI
She more than twenny-nine years old, Marty. That's what she tell you.

MARTY
What, Ma?

MRS. PILLETTI
She looks thirty-five, forty. She didn't look Italian to me.

Marty frowns, says nothing.

MRS. PILLETTI
I said, is she Italian girl?

MARTY
I don't know. I don't think so.

Mrs. Pilletti scowls. A silence. She turns back to Marty.

MRS. PILLETTI
She don't look Italian to me. What kinda family she come from? There was something about her I didn't like. It seems funny, the first time you meet her she comes to your empty house alone. These college girls, they all one step fromma streets.

Marty turns, frowning, to his mother.

MARTY
What are you talking about? She's a nice girl.

MRS. PILLETTI
She didn't look Italian to me.

A suddenly sullen silence hangs between them.

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED: (2)

MRS. PILLETTI
I don't like her.

MARTY
You don't like her. You only met her for two minutes.

MRS. PILLETTI
Don't bring her to the house no more.

MARTY
What didn't you like about her?

MRS. PILLETTI
I don't know! She don't look like Italian to me. Plenny-a nice Italian girls around.

MARTY
Well, let's not get inna fight about it, Ma.

The church doors are suddenly filled with outgoing penitents. ORGAN MUSIC suddenly flows out into the street. Marty turns and starts up the steps. His mother turns with him.

MARTY
What are you getting so worked up about? I just met the girl last night. I probably not gonna see her again.

They continue up the steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

198 INT. BAR - DAY

About an hour later. The after-mass CROWD is on scene, a little more crowded than weekdays. The booths are pretty well occupied. A WOMAN with a glass of beer in one hand, rocks a baby carriage with the other --

199 ENTRANCE TO BAR

Marty enters, moves along, ad-libbing one "Hello" to someone at the bar, gets the attention of Lou, the bartender -

200 NEAR BAR - CROWD - MARTY AND BARTENDER

MARTY
Hello, Lou, Angie come in yet?

(CONTINUED)

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200 CONTINUED

BARTENDER
Not yet.
(Marty starts away)
Hey, Marty, I hear you really got stuck with a dog last night.

MARTY
(looking quickly at him)
Who told you that?

BARTENDER
Angie. He says she was a real scrawny-looking thing.

MARTY
(frowning)
She wasn't so bad. When'd you see Angie?

BARTENDER
He was here last night till 'bout two.

MARTY
Oh.

He turns away from the bar frowning, notes the Well-Dressed Man, Ralph, sitting alone in one of the booths, reading the Sunday comics.

MARTY
Hello, Ralph, how'd you make out with those nurses last night, Ralph?

RALPH
Oh, Marty. Oh, Man. Didn't I tell ya? You know the girl that was for you, the one inna back, you know? We went up to Leo's house, you know? So she got loaded drunk. You shoulda seen what she was doin'.. So the people downstairs started bangin' on the walls, you know? So right inna middle a the whole thing, so help me,the Landlord comes up, you know?

(CONTINUED)

200 CONTINUED

RALPH
(continuing)
This crazy girl was runnin' around drunk, you know, so we hadda get rid of her, because the Landlord, you know. So Leo's talkin' to the Landlord inna kitchen, so we was trying to get this crazy girl out through the window. This crazy girl even left her shoes up there. How'd you make out?

MARTY
Oh, I hadda nice time.

RALPH
Yeah....?

MARTY
She's a nice girl -- I didn't try anything...I just met her last night, she's a nice girl, you know. We just talked. We just wea -- just talked.

MARTY
Listen, Ralph, you see Angie, tell him I went home, I'll meet him after lunch.

He exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

200B INT. PILLETTI HOME LIVING ROOM DINING ROOM
DOLLY PAN HOLD ON ENTRANCE FROM FRONT PORCH

Marty enters, HOLD ON HIM, as he crosses into dining room, Mrs. Pilletti setting table, turns to speak to him.

MRS. PILLETTI
Marty - I want to talk to you --

Marty continues to bedroom door.

MARTY
I don't want to talk right now, Ma.

200C INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM DOLLY PAN

Marty enters, sits on bed. MOVE TO CLOSEUP MARTY.

DISSOLVE TO:

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201. INT. DINING ROOM MARTY'S HOUSE AFTERNOON

Marty is seated at the dining room table. He has removed his jacket, tie and shirt, his shoes, and is making himself comfortable over a late Sunday lunch. Also seated at the table is Angie and Joe, The Critic. Lounging in a chair not at the table is Leo.

JOE
...So the whole book winds up, Mike Hammer, he's inna room there with this doll. So he says: "You rat, you are the murderer." So she begins to con him, you know? She tells him how she loves him. And then Bam! He shoots her in the stomach. So she's laying there, gasping for breath, and she says: "How could you do that?" And he says: "It was easy."

LEO
(without looking up from his magazine)
Boy, that Mickie Spillane, boy, he can write.

Angie reaches over to Marty's plate and filches a piece of risole to Marty's evident annoyance.

MARTY
(to Angie)
We gotta whole pot inna kitchen. We give you a plate-a your own.

ANGIE
Oh, I couldn't eat nothing. My mother just stuffed me right up to the jaws.

This doesn't prevent him from filching a second piece of risole.

(CONTINUED)

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201 CONTINUED

JOE
What I like about Mickey Spillane is he knows how to handle women. In one book, he picks up a tomato who gets hit with a car, and she throws a pass at him. And then he meets two beautiful twins, and they throw passes at him. And then he meets some beautiful society leader, and she throws a pass at him and...

LEO
Boy, that Mickey Spillane, he sure can write.

ANGIE
Listen, somebody turn onna ball game. It must be after one o'clock by now.

Marty looks down at his watch, then stands and starts for the phone, sitting on a chest of drawers at the other end of the room.

ANGIE
Who you gonna call?

MARTY
I was gonna call that girl from last night, take her to a movie tonight.

ANGIE
Are you kidding?

MARTY
Listen, Angie, I wanna tell you, you were very impolite last night. I introduced you to the girl, you just turned and walked off. Now, why did you do that?

ANGIE
You got me mad, that's all. Hey, Joe, show Marty that picture.

Joe, having finished his dissertation on Mickey Spillane, is now studying another girlie magazine. He proffers an opened page to Marty, who is standing by the phone now.

(CONTINUED)

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201 CONTINUED (2)

MARTY
Put that away, for Pete's sake. My mother's right out onna porch.

JOE
I wonder where they find those girls that pose for them pictures.

LEO
Those are Hollywood starlets.

MARTY
Put it away, Joe. My mother'll come walking in.

Joe closes the magazine.

ANGIE
Marty, let's go downna Seventy-Second Street area tonight.

MARTY
I don't feel like going, Angie. I thought I'd take this girl to a movie.

ANGIE
Boy, you really musta made out good last night.

MARTY
We just talked.

ANGIE
Boy, she musta been some talker. She musta been about fifty years old.

JOE
I always figure a guy outta marry a girl who's twenny years young than he is so that when he's forty, his wife is a real nice-looking doll.

LEO
That means he'd have to marry the girl when she was one year old.

(CONTINUED)

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201 CONTINUED (3)

JOE
I never thoughta that.

MARTY
I didn't think she was so bad-looking.

ANGIE
She musta kept you inna shadows all night.

RALPH
Marty, you don't wanna hang around with dogs. It gives you a bad reputation.

ANGIE
Let's go downna Seventy-Second Street.

MARTY
I told this dog I was gonna call her today about two-thirty.

ANGIE
(angry)
Brush her. Listen, you wanna come with me tonight, or you wanna go with this dog?

MARTY
Wadda you getting so sore about?

ANGIE
I looked all over for you last night, you know that?

He turns away sulking. Marty, who was about to pick up the phone, now returns to his seat, sits down frowning.

JOE
Another book that I read by Mickey Spillane, I can't remember the name of it, but it was about this red-headed tramp he finds inna street, and he gives her some dough because he's sorry for her... Wait a minute, I think that's the same book I was telling you about before...

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED (4)

MARTY
(to Angie)
You didn't like her at all.

ANGIE
A nothing. A real nothing.

Marty lowers his head and looks down. Over this, Joe's VOICE DRONES on:

JOE'S VOICE
You know something...?

CAMERA ANGLES TO HOLD CLOSE ON MARTY; Joe's VOICE continues coming over:

JOE'S VOICE
(continuing)
...you know what you gotta do with women? You gotta be hard. Because then if you ain't hard then they think you're soft. Boy, that Mickey Spillane, he can write, boy.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

202 INT. SNYDER APARTMENT NIGHT

CLOSE ON Television screen. Ed Sullivan is on, indicating the time is a little after half past seven. CAMERA PULLS BACK, disclosing Clara, Mr. and Mrs. Snyder on scene in their living room. Apparently the Sullivan show is very funny at the moment, for the television audience is roaring with laughter. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE ON CLARA and HOLDS; another ROAR OF LAUGHTER from the television audience comes over. Clara watches the show expressionlessly. Her eyes are flooded with tears, and several of them have already traced wet paths down her cheeks. Another ROAR OF LAUGHTER from the television set -

DISSOLVE TO:

203 EXT. PILLETTI HOME PORCH NIGHT

Mrs. Pilletti and Catherine on scene. Marty enters from house.

MRS. PILLETTI
So what are you gonna do tonight, Marty?

(CONTINUED)

203 CONTINUED

MARTY
I don't know, Ma. I'm all knocked out. I think I'll just hang arounna house and watch...

He suddenly pauses, sharply aware of the repetition in his life. Mrs. Pilletti is also aware of it. She downs her food again.

MARTY
(continuing; after a moment)
Maybe I'll go out and see what Angie and the boys are doing...

They eat silently a moment, and we -

DISSOLVE TO:

204 EXT. STREET BAR NIGHT

CLOSE ON Marty, expressionless but somehow showing a deep pain. CAMERA PULLS BACK disclosing Marty leaning against the wall in front of the bar. There is a loose clump of other young men lounging about, killing time. Among them are Angie, Leo and Joe. There are perhaps four or five other young MEN. They are in loosely two groups. The group we are concerned about has Marty and the others mentioned above, and GEORGE, a young man in a sport jacket.

LEO
What time is it?

JOE
About eight o'clock.

ANGIE
(to George)
You don't feel like going downna Seventy-Second Street?

GEORGE
It'll take an hour anna hour back, and the whole evening's gone.

JOE
What's playing on Fordham Road? I think there's a good picture in the Loew's Paradise.

(CONTINUED

204 CONTINUED

GEORGE
You guys feel like working up a game-a cards?

ANGIE
Come on, let's go down Seventy-Second Street, walk around. We're sure to wind up with something...

205 CLOSE SHOT MARTY

His head is down; his eyes are closed. The group continue to exchange dialogue back and forth. Their VOICES come over. Marty's head slowly comes up.

JOE'S VOICE (o.s.)
...I'll never forgive LaGuardia for cutting out burlesque outta New York City...

GEORGE'S VOICE (o.s.)
...There's a burlesque in Union City. Let's go over to Union City...

ANGIE'S VOICE (o.s.)
...Yeah, you're the one who don't even wanna take a ride onna subway for half an hour. Now, you wanna go alla way over to Union City...

GEORGE'S VOICE (o.s.)
...I feel like playing cards. I saw Richie Rizzo, that what he said he felt like doing...

JOE'S VOICE (o.s.)
...I don't feel like playing cards. Wadda you feel like doing tonight, Angie?

ANGIE'S VOICE (o.s.)
...I don't know. Wadda you feel like doing?

JOE'S VOICE (o.s.)
I don't know, George. Wadda you feel like doing?...

A growing fury begins to cover Marty's face. He suddenly cries out:

(CONTINUED)

205 CONTINUED

MARTY
"What are you doing tonight?"
..."I don't know, what are you doing?!"...

CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE the others who, at this sudden outburst, stare at Marty.

MARTY
(continuing; crying out)
The burlesque! Loew's Paradise! Miserable and lonely! Miserable and lonely and stupid! What am I, crazy or something?! I got something good here! What am I hanging around with you guys for?!

He has said this in tones so loud that it attracts the attention of the few PEOPLE passing by in the street. A little embarrassed by the sudden attention he is receiving, he turns, opens the door to the bar, and EXITS into it. After a stunned moment, Angie hurries OUT after him.

206 INT. BAR MARTY

As Marty marches across the length of the room toward the phone booths in the rear. CAMERA ANGLES to disclose Angie hurrying along after him -

207 NEAR PHONE BOOTH MARTY

Marty is about to enter one of the phone booths but stops as Angie comes hurrying IN.

ANGIE
Watsa matter with you?

Marty pauses, one foot in the booth.

MARTY
You don't like her. My mother don't like her. She's a dog, and I'm a fat, ugly little man. All I know is I hadda good time last night. I'm gonna have a good time tonight. If we have enough good times together, I'm gonna go down on my knees and beg that girl to marry me. If we make a party again this New Year's, I gotta date for the party. You don't like her, that's too bad.

(CONTINUED)

207 CONTINUED

Marty has been fishing in his pocket for his address book. He opens the book now to its proper page, then steps into the phone booth -

208 ANOTHER ANGLE FAVORING MARTY IN PHONE BOOTH

Angie standing outside the booth, nearby. The booth door is open. Marty starts to dial. A hush fills the room except for the CLICKING of the telephone dial -

209 INT. PHONE BOOTH MARTY

The look of fury has drained from his face. He holds the receiver to his ear, glances out toward Angie; CAMERA ANGLES TO INCLUDE Angie standing outside the booth.

MARTY
(his old amiable self)
When you gonna get married, Angie? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You're thirty-three years old. All your kid brothers are married. You oughtta be ashamed of yourself.

Still smiling at this very private joke, Marty returns his attention to the phone, waits a fraction of a second... Then:

MARTY
(continuing; on phone)
Hello... Clara?...

As Angie looks miserable, and Marty slowly reaches out and pushes the phone booth door shut, and continues to talk into the phone, we very slowly -

FADE OUT

THE END